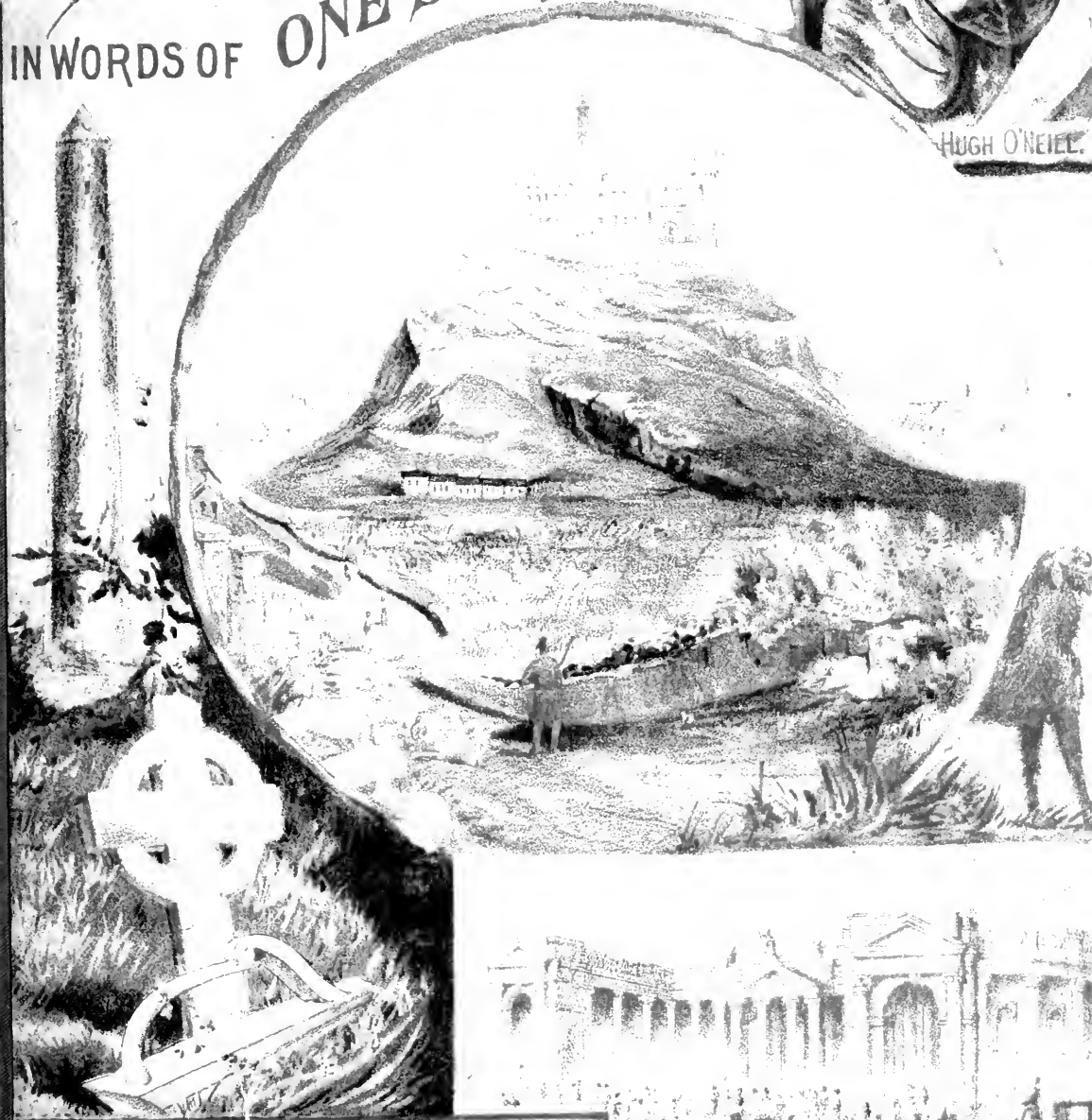
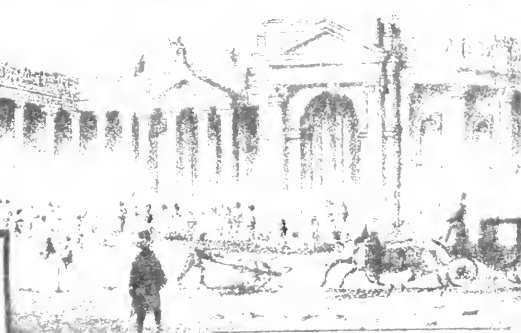


HISTORY OF IRELAND IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.



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BRI-AN BOR-U, ON THE PLAINS OF CLON-TARF.

HISTORY OF IRELAND

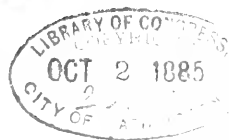
IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

BY
AGNES SADLIER

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HISTORY OF GERMANY.
HISTORY OF UNITED STATES.
HISTORY OF FRANCE.
LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS
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HISTORY OF IRELAND.

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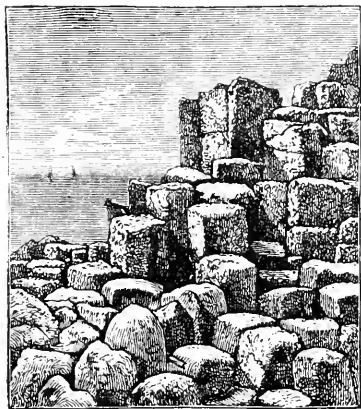
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History of Ireland.

CHAPTER I.

IRELAND IN ITS FIRST KNOWN DAYS.



AT THE GI-ANT'S CAUSE-WAY.

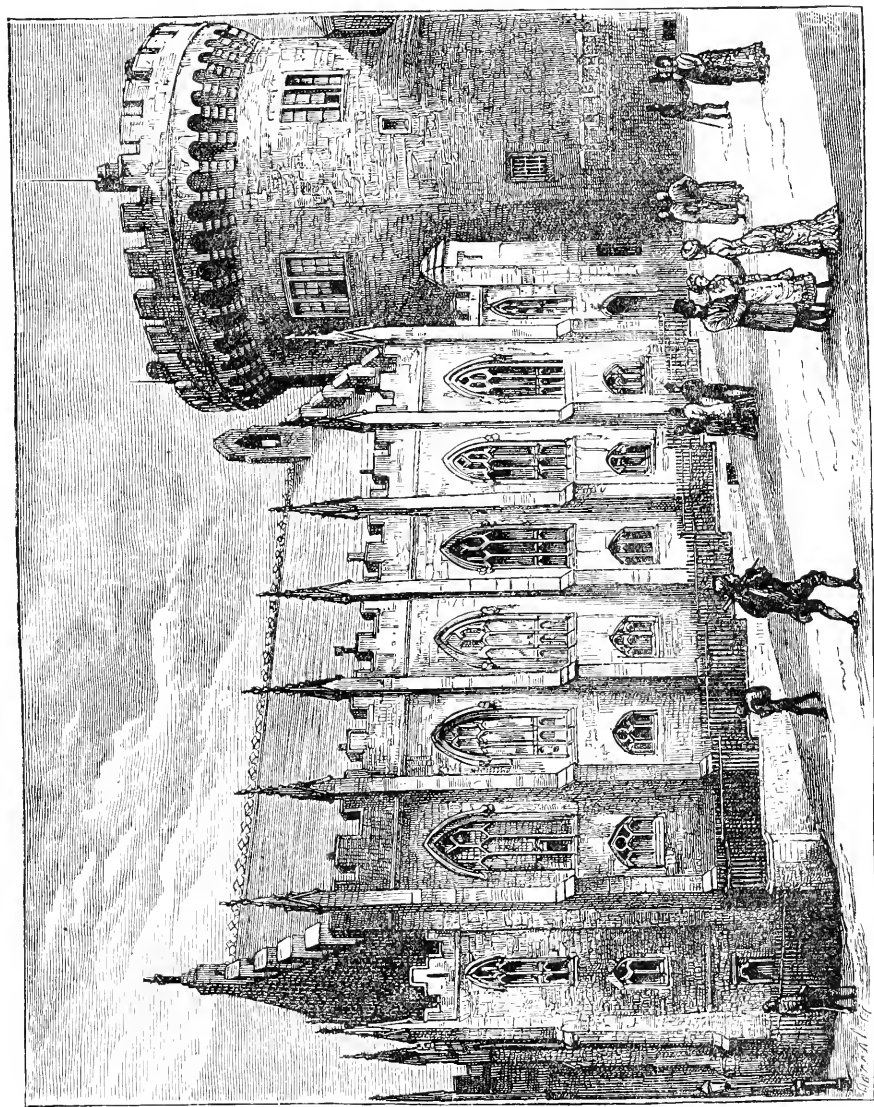
HIGH up from the main land of Eu-rope, and cut off from it by deep, wild seas that toss great white waves on their shores, lie two isles which bore the name of the Isles of the North when those who gave it did not know much else of them. One has now for a long time been known as En-gland, and one as Ire-land. The old name of Ire-land was Hi-ber-ni-a or E-rin, and the folks there bore the name of Celts. The Celts seem to have known more than the Brit-ons, and a great deal for those days. The air there was mild ; great woods of birch, oak, and ash trees rose through the land, fish were thick in the streams,

the soil was rich, and the Celts knew how to grow wheat.

The great place of the land was Tar-a. Five great roads led to it, one from each part of the isle, and here dwelt the High-King of the land. The isle was cut in four parts, and a piece of ground from each of these four parts where they met went to form Tar-a. The four parts had for names: Lein-ster, Ul-ster, Mun-ster, and Con-naught. Each of these parts had a king who dwelt 'neath the rule of the High-King. Each third year these five kings, and all the wise men of the realm, and the dru-ids or priests, met at Tar-a to find out the state of the folks, and make laws if need were.

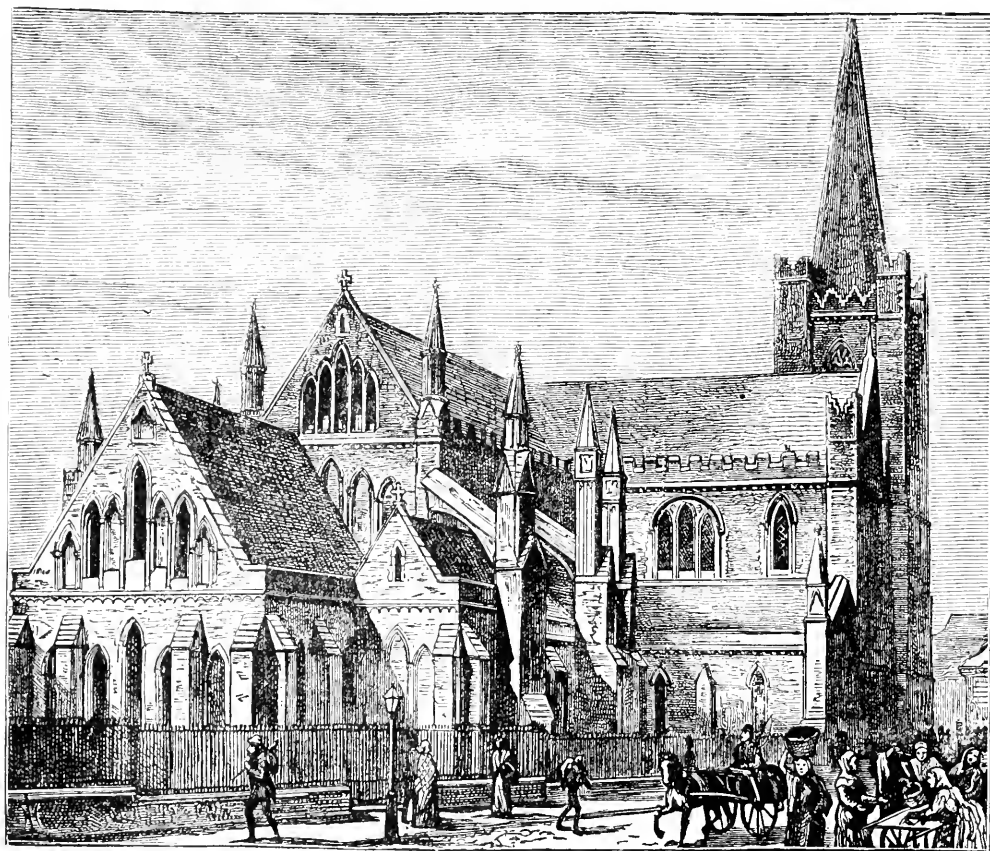
The gods of the Celts were Ba-al, the sun, and Re, the moon. They had but one i-dol of wood, which bore the name of Crom. They gave to these gods the spoils which they won in time of war, and in time of peace, the fruits of the earth. The Celts thought that there were spir-its, too; such as the Phook-a, who took the shape of man or beast to lure folks to death, and the Ban-shee, who told when death was near by moans and sighs of deep grief.

The dru-ids, or priests, held great might, and all the choice things of the land were theirs. No war was made till they said it might be done, and no peace was made or kept if they said it should not be.



THE CHAP-EL ROY-AL, DUB-LIN CAS-TLE.

Like the Brit-ons, the Celts dwelt in huts of wood and clay, though the chiefs had homes of stone. These huts had a hole in the roof to let out



ST. PAT-RICK'S CA-THE-DRAL, DUB-LIN.

the smoke. The poor wore skins of beasts, but the rich had clothes of soft wool, of a gold or white hue. The men wore dark red cloaks with a gold brooch

to clasp them on the breast ; their wives wore white caps which they strove to have as nice as they could be made, and cloth cloaks with fringe. Each dame of high birth had a head-dress of gold. A slave could have but one hue in his dress.

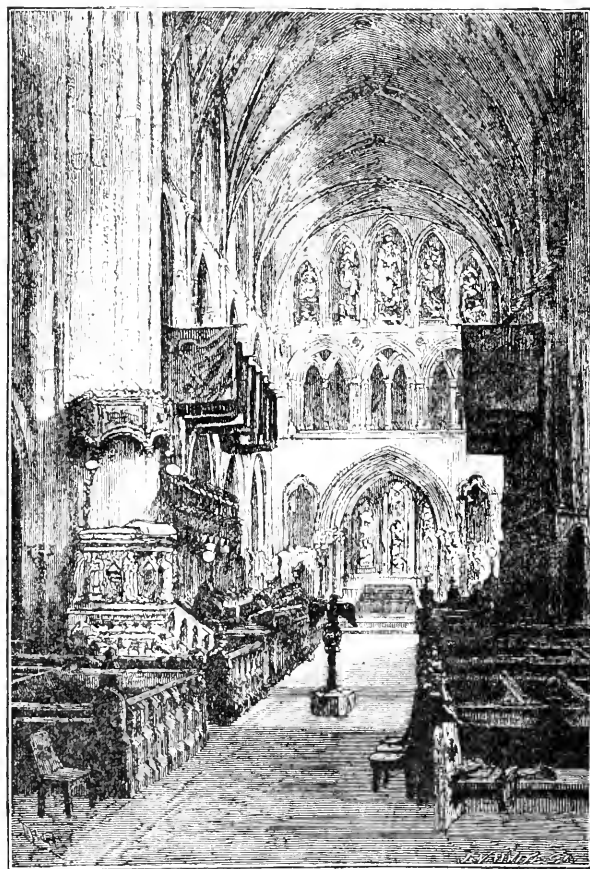
The Celts knew well how to fight and hunt. In their great oak and birch woods dwelt the wolf, the red deer, the wild boar, and the brown bear.

They had huge bows of oak whose strings were made out of the hide of beasts. From these bows they shot darts of flint. Each man had an ax, too, a long, sharp, dark green spear, and a knife made of flint. They had war cars, some of which were drawn by four steeds, and the shields of the chiefs were bright with the fine ores which the Celts had dug out of the earth. The chiefs, too, wore gold chains, and their swords had hilts of gold.

For food the Celts had fish, flesh, and fowl. The trout, pike, and smelt swam in their streams, and we know what good food these are ; and the crane and duck were to be found in the isle, too. They had milk, for the Celts' great wealth was in cows, and they had bees to give them hon-ey. They knew how to make bread, which they put to bake on the hearth. The rich had pots of brass in which to boil their meat, but the poor had to put it on a spit

to roast. They had cheese, too, made in the shape of bricks.

They had knives of flint, the same as those which



CHOIR OF ST. PAT-RICK'S CA-THE-DRAL, DUB-LIN.

they took to the hunt or to war, but no forks. There were no chairs, and a bench ran round the walls of the room. When night came they had to put fire on large flat stones and place these in the parts of the room where there was need of light. As time went on, wicks with wax round them came in use at Tar-a. Here the bards sang to the sound of their harps, the praise or blame of their chiefs in war. Each great chief had a bard of his own. At Tar-a, too, the great fairs were held. On one night in the year, which

they took to the hunt or to war, but no forks. There were no chairs, and a bench ran round the walls of the room. When night came they had to put fire on large flat stones and place these in the parts of the room where there was need of light. As time went on, wicks with wax round them came in use at Tar-a. Here the bards sang to the sound of their harps, the praise

is that of our feast of All-Saints, all the fires in the land had to be put out, and be lit once more with fire from the Hill of Tar-a, for which each one had to pay three cents to the King of Mun-ster.

One of these High-Kings had wells dug for the folks, and one gave lands to all who knew arts to teach to the folks, and built a school at Tar-a which bore the name of "the house of the wise."

The drink of the Celts was mead, which they drank out of horns, some of which were of gold, or stone cups. Stone cups were put at all the wells.

The Celts had coin in use, too, in those old days, which bore the form of Hi-ber-ni-a, with a wand in her hand on which a snake wound. If you were to turn the coin you would find the head of a horse on it. The Celts were most fierce in war, and their war cry was Fall on ! Fall on ! Smiths went with them to the fight to mend their swords, wise men to staunch their wounds, and the dru-ids to praise or blame.

The Celts knew how to play chess, but most of all, when they sat round their fires, did they love to hear the bards sing to the sound of their harps, of the pride of the race or clan of which they were.

CHAPTER II.

PATRICK COMES TO IRELAND.

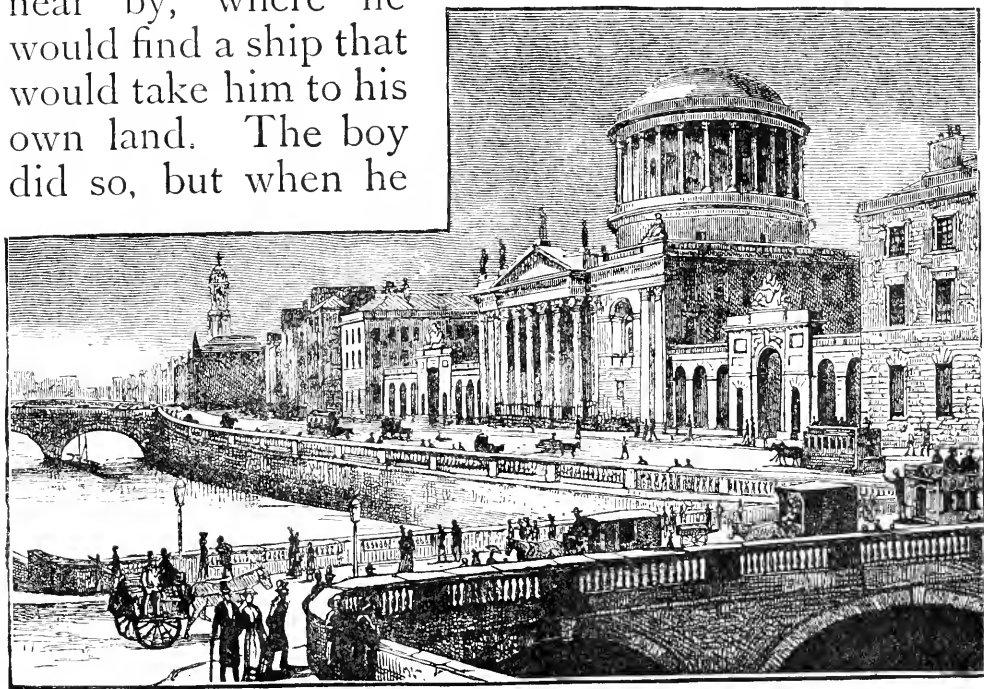
THE last High-King of E-rin, ere the faith of Christ was brought to her shores, was Dath-y. He was brave and great in war, and led his troops to Gaul [France] to fight. He won, but at the foot of the Alps he died, and his men brought him back to E-rin and put him with the dead kings of the land. It was such men as he who kept the Ro-mans out of the isle; the Celts were so brave that when they were led by great chiefs they were sure to gain the day.

But the time was now ripe for the seed of faith to be sown in Ire-land, and God sent Saint Pat-rick to do this good work. It seems that Pat-rick was born in Gaul, and that his real name was Suc-cat, which means *brave in war*. When but a boy, the troops of the I-rish king Ni-all took him to Ire-land as a slave and sold him to a man of the name of Mil-cho, in the coun-ty of An-trim, who put him to feed sheep or swine.

Here the boy led a hard, lone life for six years,

and he would have been more sad than he was were it not for the thoughts of God that were in his heart, and the help he got from Him.

At last, in the quiet of the night, a voice that was not of earth spoke, and told him to go to a port near by, where he would find a ship that would take him to his own land. The boy did so, but when he



THE FOUR COURTS, DUB-LIN.

got to the ship those on board cried out: "Do not try to come with us," and the boy went back. But soon a man came to him and said: "Come, they call you." And Suc-cat went on board, and so got back to his own land.

When he grew up he was made a priest. But all the time he thought of the poor folks in the isle where he had been a slave, who knew not Christ. So he went to the pope and told him of his wish to go and spread the true faith there. The pope was glad to hear it, and said he might. He then gave him the name of Pat-rick, which means great.

From Rome Pat-rick came back to the north of Gaul, and there was made bish-op. Then he set sail for Ire-land. He got to shore at a point near Dub-lin. A man came out to drive him back, with a band of men with spears, but when he found out who Pat-rick was and what he had come for, he got to be friends with him and let him tell of Christ. This man bore the name of Di-cho. He was the lord of the soil, and, with all in his house, was made a Christ-ian.

After a brief stay with him, Pat-rick set out for the place where Mil-cho dwelt, with whom he had been a slave. When Mil-cho heard that Pat-rick was on the road to him, it is said that his rage was so great that he set fire to his house and died in the flames.

Pat-rick went on to Tar-a. He got to a spot near it on the eve of Eas-ter Sun-day, and lit the fire which the Church says must be lit on that day. Now, on this night at Tar-a, was held the feast of

the fire of Ba-al, at which time all fires were put out and not lit till the fire was seen on the hill of Tar-a. So when the red light of Pat-rick's fire shone, the king's wrath was great, and he set out at at once with all his men that fought in war, and bards, and dru-ids, to find out who the man was that had been so rash as to break this rule. When he came to the spot, he sent men to bring Pat-rick to him. Then the king told all who had come with him to show in no way that they held Pat-rick great when he should be brought in. But in spite of this, when the saint came, a man of the name of Erc rose up and made a bow to him. For this God gave him grace to be a Christ-ian, and in course of time he was made a bish-op. The king said much to Pat-rick, and Pat-rick said much to the king; and the end of it was that Pat-rick was told to come to Tar-a the next day and talk with the wise men of the land.



Arms of the Roy-al I-rish A-cad-e-my.

CHAPTER III.

PATRICK GOES TO TARA.

THE next day was Eas-ter Sun-day, a day most fit for such a scene. The small band set out for the king's home, where he and his court sat in state to meet them. On the way Pat-rick went first, clad in his long white robes, and with a staff in his hand. Eight priests were with him, clad in white robes, too, and they all sang hymns as they went.

The king had said once more that no one should show by his acts that he held Pat-rick great ; but in spite of his words his chief bard and dru-id, by name Dub-tach, rose up and made a bow to the saint. Then Pat-rick spoke. He told them of Christ, and so sweet, so grand were his words, that the king, though he would not be a Christ-ian, said the saint might preach all through the land, and make Christ-ians of all who should wish to be made so.

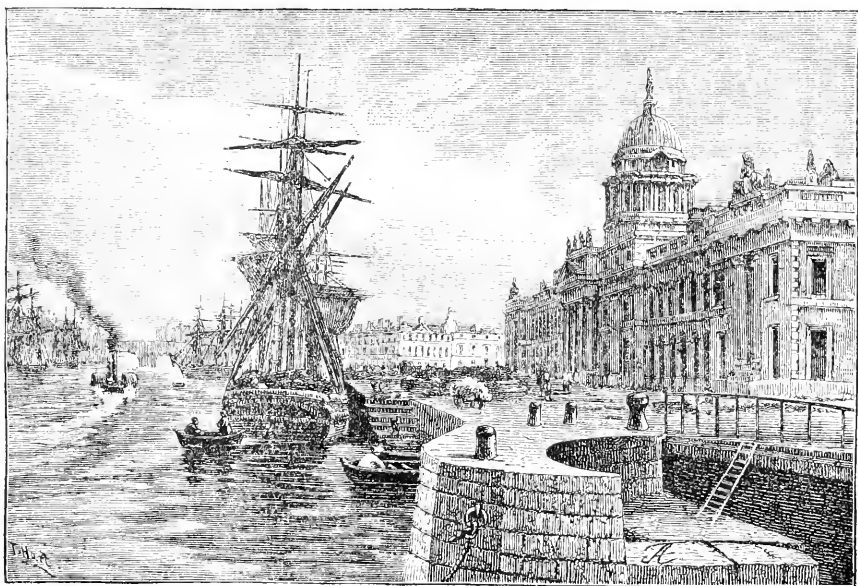
So Pat-rick went through the land. When he got near Con-naught he met two fair young girls, daugh-ters of the king. They had heard the chant



SAINT PAT-RICK GO-ING TO TAR-A.

of the priests as they came, and when they caught sight of them in their white robes, and found that the priests held no books from which to read what they sang, they thought that they must be from on high, and said to them : “Who are ye ? Are ye of the sea, the sky, or the earth ?” Then Pat-rick told them of the true God. “But where does He dwell ?” said they. “In the sea, or in the sun, or on the hills, or in the vales, or in the streams ?” And Pat-rick told them that all the world, and the sea, and the sky, too, was the home of his God ; and the young girls heard his words and in that same hour were made Christ-ians. Then the saint went on to Mun-ster. The king there came forth to meet him and told him of his great wish to hear of Christ. So Pat-rick told of the true God, and the king made up his mind to be a Christ-ian. In the midst of his court, who held great state, Pat-rick made him so. The saint had in his hand a staff which had at its end a long, sharp pike by which to plant it in the ground, and he now did so, but did not know that he had put it through the king’s foot till the blood was in a stream on the ground. The saint told the king how sad he felt for this act, which he had not meant ; but the king said he did not mind, that he thought it was what all men had to bear who were made Christ-ians.

Pat-rick now went to Ul-ster. Here a rich chief gave him ground on which to build a great church. The town of Ar-magh now stands on the spot. But the saint's work was done and his death was at hand. He went to a still spot, wrote a book of his life and work, and then died on the 17th day of



CUS-TOM HOUSE, DUB-LIN.

March, four hun-dred and nine-ty-two years after our Lord had come on earth.

He who had been High-king when Pat-rick came to Ire-land, had died while the saint did his great work. The king who came next was not a Christ-ian, and when he had been on the throne for quite



IN-TE-RI-OR OF THE LI-BRA-RY, TRIN-I-TY COL-LEGE.

a long time, he was slain by the son of him who had been High-king when Pat-rick came. At this time some of the I-rish who had gone to Scot-land to live were made to go out of that land by the Picts, for such was the name of the folks there. So more of the I-rish, led by Fer-gus, went to try to gain Scot-land. They took with them the Stone of Des-ti-ny on which to crown Fer-gus. These staid in Scot-land and from them sprang the Stu-art race of Scot-land.

While Saint Pat-rick was still with men, a child was born to whom they gave the name of Brig-id. When she had grown up, she went with eight more young girls of high birth to dwell in a con-vent at Kil-dare. She was a great saint, and the I-rish folks had, and still have, a deep love for her. So we see that the two names of Brig-id, or Bridg-et, as we now spell it, and Pat-rick, were borne by great saints; and that is why they are so much in use by the I-rish race, who love to give them to their girls and boys.



Arms of Ire-land.

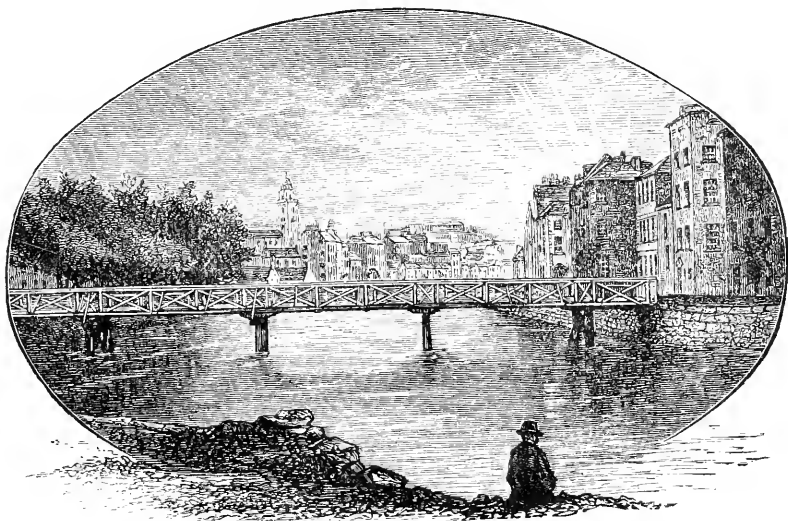
CHAPTER IV.

THE DANES LAND IN IRELAND.

DER-MID I. was now High-king. The yel-low plague swept through the land in his time and slew a great part of the folks. By this time schools had been built, and in this king's reign more were built, and from far lands men came to learn at the great I-rish schools. Not only did the men in these schools know a great deal, but they led such good and grand lives that soon Ire-land got the name of the "Isle of Saints." A throng of great I-rish-men went forth, too, to teach in Gaul, in Ger-ma-ny, and in En-gland. Saint Co-lum-ba went to the Picts, in Scot-land, to tell them of Christ. He built a great place for monks in I-on-a, and a great throng went there to dwell with him.

The monks who taught these schools knew all that could be learned in that age of the world, and could do some things that can not be done so well in our own day. As proof of this we may cite the Book of Kells, that is, the four Gos-pels, which is to-day in Trin-i-ty Col-lege, Dub-lin. Kells was a town that grew up in Meath in the days when the monks had to flee from I-on-a for fear of the Danes. They did not then know how to print, as we do,

and all things in the shape of books had to be done by hand. The Book of Kells was done by Saint Co-lum-ba. We can give you no just thought of how fine and well made are the let-ters in this book ; the best of type could not give us the like. Some who have seen it have said that it is the work not

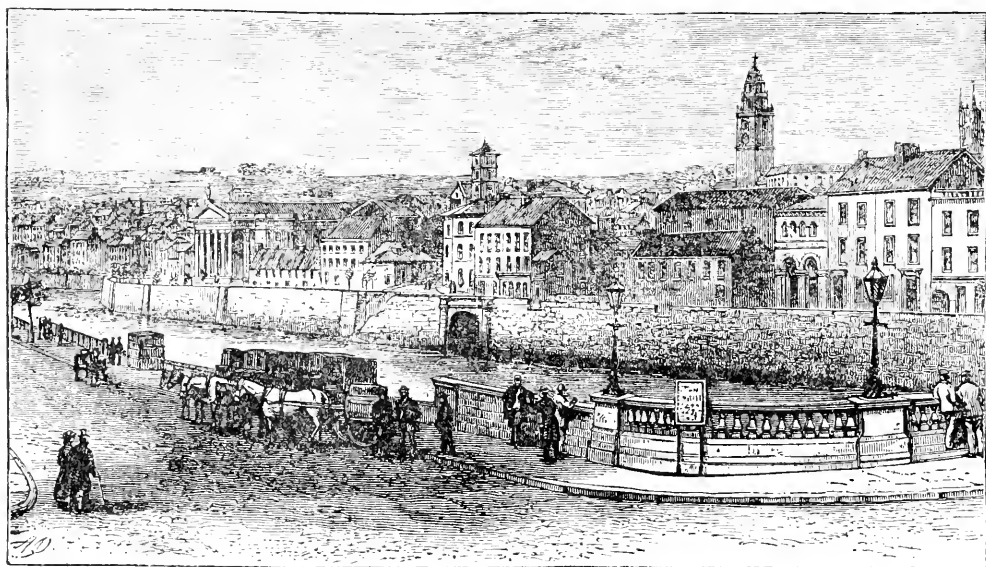


ON THE LEE, CORK.

of men, but of one from on high. It is done on vel-lum, that is, fine white calf-skin, and has round each page fine views of trees and birds in choice tints and hues.

In the reign of Char-le-magne, in France, one great I-rish-man went from his own land to Par-is to found a school there, and one went to Pa-vi-a to do the same.

While Der-mid was on the throne, and when the kings and wise men of the realm were met at Tar-a to find out the state of the land and of the folks, and make laws if need were, a prince there slew a man. Now to break the peace at this time by a rough act was held to be so wrong that if a man



SHAN-DON ON THE LEE.

did it, he had to die. But, to save his life, this prince fled to a church near by, for it was a rule in those days that if a man got to a church he was not to be brought out, nor slain in the church. But Der-mid broke through this rule. He had the prince brought out and put to death. Then Saint

Ru-ad-an went round the hill of Tar-a and cursed it, and from that day it is said no king has sat at Tar-a.

But two years went by and Der-mid was slain in war. Hugh was next High-king, and the States met at Drum-ceit. In this king's reign it is said that Saint Bren-dan came to A-mer-i-ca and as far as O-hi-o.

The next king of note was Hugh VI., in whose reign the Danes, a fierce folk, came from the North in ships. When they fought on land, men ran first who tried to act like wolves, and bears, and dogs, so as to make the Danes more fierce still. This they need not have done, we are sure. It was the schools and the homes of the monks who had done so much for the land that these fierce men tried most to tear down or burn, and take off all that they thought was good. Books they thought were no good, and so they threw them in the lakes and streams, or burnt them.

Soon the Danes got so strong in the land that they made their home in it, just as they had done a long while back in En-gland. They drove all the wise men who knew how to write books to the wild spots in the hills, or put them in jail. They would not let the I-rish wear their own clothes; "slaves," they said, "must wear the clothes which

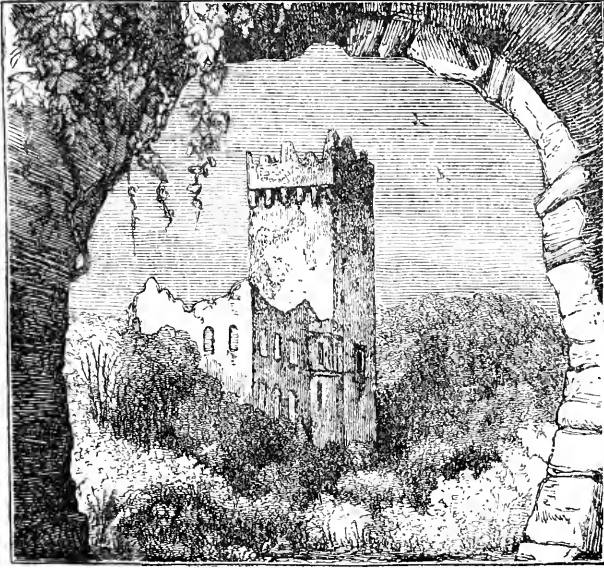
those who had the rule cast off." Nor would they let them have games in which they would bear arms. A Dane was put in each town to rule it, and in each house, though those in it were as poor as could be, a Dane had to be kept and fed, and each man had to pay a tax to keep his nose on his face.

But at last, when the Danes had gone on in this way for more than a score of years, Mal-a-chy I., King of Meath, got their chief in his hands and put him to death. This was a sign for all the I-rish to rise up and kill the Danes, or drive them to their ships.

For the next year the White Danes fought the Black Danes, and this was a good thing for the I-rish, for it gave them peace. Then the Danes fought the I-rish once more, and a long line of kings tried to drive them out, but to no use, though at times the I-rish would win in the war. But then the Danes would gain the fight, and so it went on for a long, long term of years. Large, round tow-ers of stone, which may still be seen, are thought to have been built in this time, to keep the wives and girls and boys of the I-rish safe from the fierce foe.

CHAPTER V.

BRIAN BORU.



BLAR-NEY CAS-TLE, CORK.

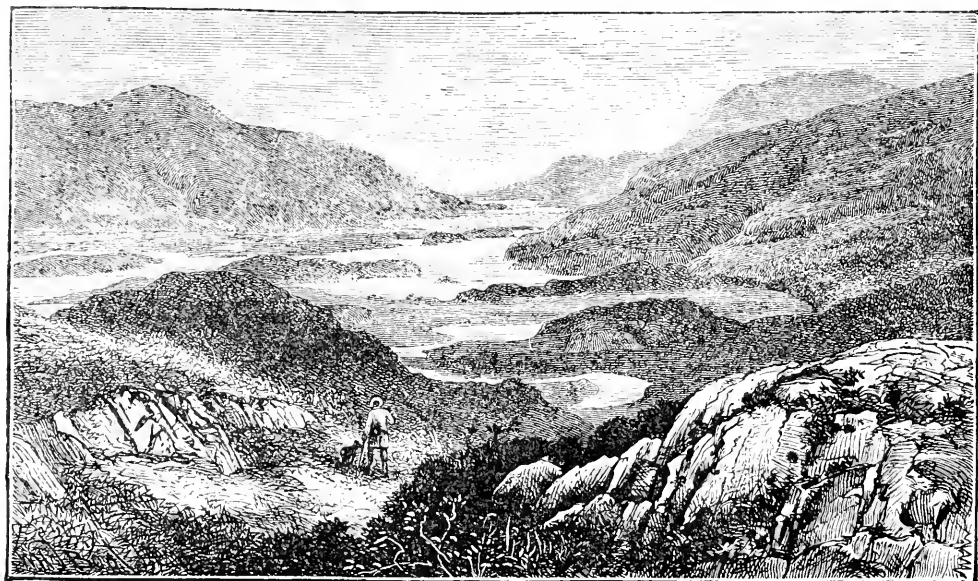
THE next high-king of note was Mal-a-chy II. As soon as he got to the throne he led his troops to Dub-lin, and got it from the Danes. A great throng of I-rish were in the town, whom the Danes had kept there, and these were

set free by Mal-a-chy, and we may feel sure that they were glad to get back to their homes.

At the same time that Mal-a-chy was High-king, Bri-an Bor-u was king of Mun-ster. At first the two were not good friends, but at length they both made up their minds to join their men and try to drive out the Danes. This they did, and made the Danes of Dub-lin give them gold, and some of the Danes with it as a proof of their good will. The

next year, in Wick-low, they fought with the Danes and slew the son of the Dan-ish king with four thou-sand of his men.

But by this time Bri-an had made up his mind to be High-king. This thought was no doubt put



LAKES OF KIL-LAR-NEY.

in his head by the fact that the Danes said they would pay what both kings had said they must give to Bri-an, but not to Mal-a-chy.

So Bri-an took the part of the Danes, and gave the son of the Dan-ish king, whom his men gave up to him, his child as wife. Then he told Mal-a-

chy that he would give him a year in which to make up his mind to fight for his throne or give it up. At the end of the year the two met at Tar-a, and Mal-a-chy, whose men had said they would not help him, had to bow to Bri-an as High-king.

Though Bri-an did not act right in this, still he was a good and great king when he got the throne. He brought back peace to the land, built up the schools and church-es that had been torn down in the long, fierce wars, and built forts and roads. He went through the land time on time, and made all feel that he had the might, and that they must heed his words and do as he told them. With their first name he made folks take the name of the clan of which they were, and then add on "Mac," for son, and "O," for grand-son. The laws were so well kept in his reign that it is said in a song that a fair dame went through the land with a white wand that bore a gold ring on the top, and found no one to touch it or her. He was to Ire-land, as far as he could be, what Al-fred was to En-gland. For twelve years he strove to do the folks good in all the ways that he could, and then the end of his life came, and in this way :

Bri-an held court at Kín-cor-a, in Mun-ster. One day when the Prince of Lein-ster was there, the son of Bri-an went to play at chess with a friend. The

Prince of Lein-ster, who stood by, told the son of Bri-an, Mor-ogh by name, to make a move which lost him the game. Mor-ogh was put out at this and said to the Prince that it was like the move he had told the Danes to make which had lost them a fight. This woke the rage of the Prince of Leinster, and he left the court. Bri-an sent some one to beg him to come back, but to no use. He would not go, but went on his way to rouse all the Danes and tell them that he would lend his help for one grand blow. So the Danes came from En-gland, from Den-mark, from Scot-land, and from the Isle of Man, and made a grand league to gain the land.

All this time Bri-an tried his best to make all things fit to meet them with. Mal-a-chy, whose throne Bri-an had got, was great and good, for he took Bri-an's part, and gave him all the help he could. So Bri-an soon had twenty thousand men fit to fight this great foe.

Then met the Danes and I-rish at Clon-tarf, near Dub-lin, at dawn on Good Fri-day, 1014. Their fight was most fierce. All the men who led on both sides were slain. At last, at e-ven-tide, the Danes were beat.

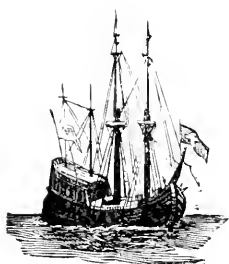
While the fight went on, Bri-an, who was now an old, old man, had to stay in the rear. He was in his tent, where he had gone to pray, when a Dane

of the name of Bro-dir ran in. At first this man thought Bri-an was a priest; but when he found out that he was the king he struck him in the head with an ax, and Bri-an fell dead at his feet. It is said that he then held up the head of the old king and said: "Let it be told from man to man that Bro-dir slew Bri-an." Bri-an's son Mor-ogh was slain, too.

Mal-a-chy now got back the throne. He was a good and wise king, and kept up the war with the Danes. Things were not well with Ire-land for the next score of years. There was no real king, though not a few strove to be so. Men did not do what was right to God or man. But things grew more like what they should be as time went on. The great church of Saint Pat-rick, at Dub-lin, Ho-ly Cross Ab-bey, and the Ca-the-drals of Cork, Lim-e-rick, and Wa-ter-ford, were built round this time. It got to be a law at this time that he who had done a great wrong should lose his sight.

CHAPTER VI.

END OF THE WAR WITH THE DANES.



IT now came to pass that the Normans came to En-gland in their ships, from France, and got that isle for their own. This made the fourth time that En-gland had been won by foes who came from far lands.

In Ire-land at this time a king of the name of Murth-ogh gave to the church the town of Cash-el. This was a good deed, for the priests, as a rule, were good men, and did all they could for the land and the folks in it.

Round this time the Danes made a last raid on the land. They were led this time by Mag-nus, King of Nor-way. But the I-rish rose up and drove them back to their ships, and they set sail for their own land and came back no more. And so an end came to the long war with that fierce, hard foe that had come down on all the lands near by, and whom the I-rish at last drove out, but not till they had fought them for three hund-red years. Some gave in to the I-rish king, and these were made Christ-ians and dwelt in towns by the sea, and lived by trade, which was a good thing for the

land. But their priests and bish-ops said they must have the Arch-bish-op of Can-ter-bu-ry in En-gland for their head. And the I-rish let them have their own way in this.

A great man who lived at this time was Saint

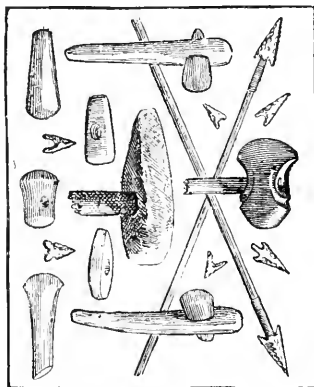


QUEENS-TOWN.

Mal-a-chy, Arch-bish-op of Ar-magh. He strove with all his strength to keep peace and build up the schools and the homes of the monks, which had been torn down by the Danes. But like all who strive to do right and make those round them do right, his life was hard at times. He was a great

friend of the great Saint Ber-nard, and went to his home for monks at Clair-vaux, in France, to see the pope. When he got to Clair-vaux the pope had gone and the saint took sick and died.

We now come for the first time in the tale of Ire-land to the name of Der-mod Mac Mur-rough, King of Lein-ster. If we judge him by all the woe and pain that his act brought to the I-rish, we must call him one of the worst men that have been in the world. His whole life, as far as we know, was bad. He took a nun from her home, and of those who tried to save her he slew two and put out the eyes of more. Then he took off the wife of the Prince of Meath, and so he went on, till all rose up and drove him out of the land. He set sail for En-gland, for he had his mind made up to have his own way, right or wrong, and he thought that the En-glish king would help him.



Stone Wea-pons and Tools.

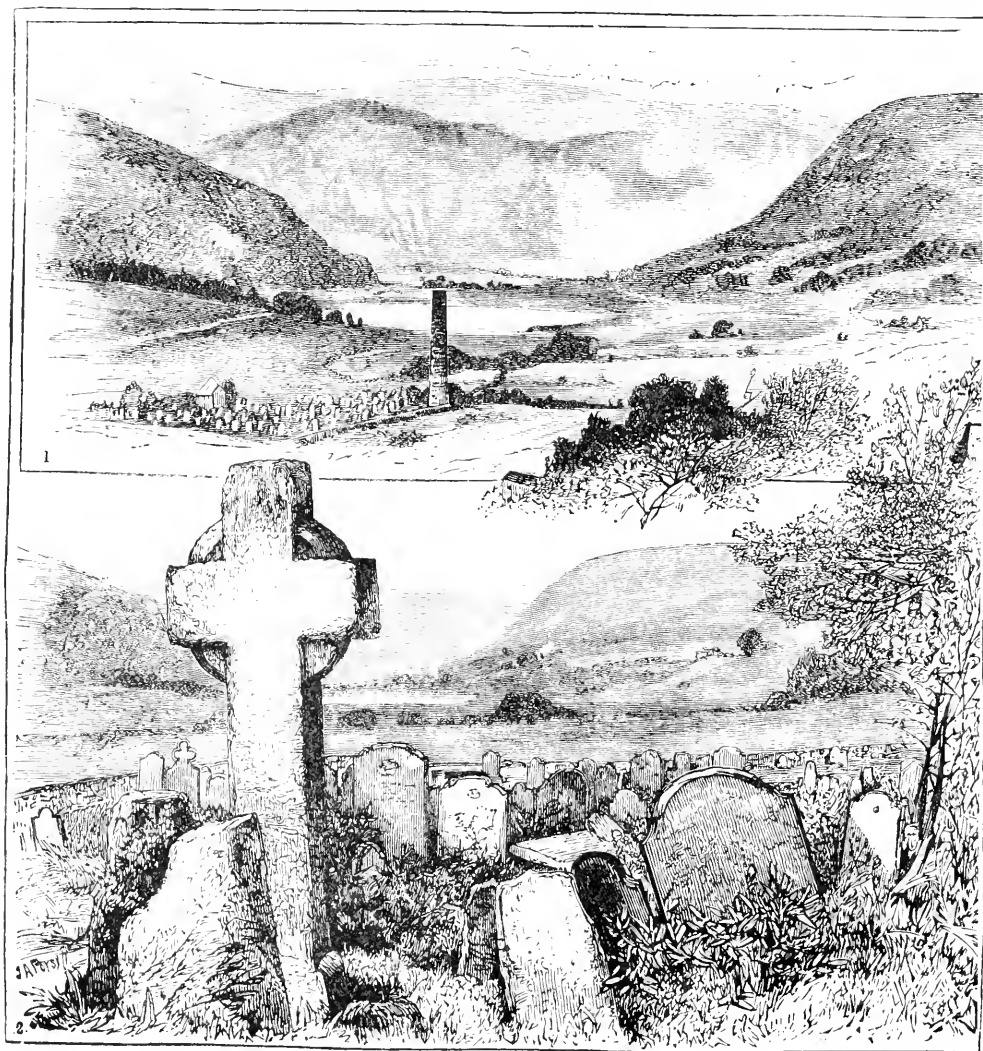
CHAPTER VII.

THE ENGLISH COME TO IRELAND.

UP to this time the Sax-ons and the I-rish had been good friends. The Sax-ons had come to Ire-land to sell their goods, or to learn things, or to be safe if they had fear of foes. But now this was at an end, and if Der-mod had not gone to En-gland, we may feel sure that the En-glish would have tried to gain Ire-land in time.

When Der-mod got to En-gland he found that Hen-ry II., who was king there at that time, had gone to France. So he went there, too, and had a talk with Hen-ry and told him of what he said were his wrongs, and plead for aid to get back his part of the land. Hen-ry said yes, and gave him a let-ter in which he gave leave to all the men in the land to go with Der-mod. But the En-glish did not seem to care to go with him, and at last he spoke to Rich-ard de Clare, Earl of Pem-broke, who went by the name of Strong-Bow, so great was his skill with the bow. Der-mod told him that he would let him have the throne of Lein-ster at his death, and give him his fair young child, E-va, as wife. To two Welsh knights he said he would give the town of Wex-ford and a great deal of land.

So they went, and as soon as they got to Ire-land



1—VAL-LEY OF GLEN-DA-LOUGH. 2—IN GLEN-DA-LOUGH.

they laid siege to Wex-ford and got that town.



MAR-RIAGE OF E-VA AND STRONG-BOW.

Rod-er-ick was High-king at this time, and at first he thought that the En-glish but meant to get Der-mod's throne for him; but when he saw that they had come to get the whole realm, he made all the men in Ire-land meet at Tar-a, and from thence he led them up to Dub-lin. Der-mod then went back to Ferns, but Rod-er-ick went there, too. Then Der-mod and Rod-er-ick had a talk, and Der-mod gave his word to bring no more foes to the isle. But he did not mean this, and said it just to gain time.

In a few days more men came from En-gland, and then Der-mod made up his mind that he would try to take Dub-lin. Soon Strong-Bow came, and the next day they took Wa-ter-ford and put to death a great throng of those who dwelt in that town. Strong-Bow and E-va were now wed in the midst of war and strife, and then the foe went on to Dub-lin. They laid siege to it, and though the men there fought hard, in the end they had to give up the town, and the En-glish slew a great throng of them. The priests and some more good men in Ire-land thought this new woe which had come on the land had been sent by God for the sin of sla-ver-y. The I-rish had bought Sax-on slaves for a long time, and a great throng of these were at this time in the isle. So when the priests told the

folks how great their sin had been in this, and that no doubt they were now to feel God's wrath for it, they rose up and set these slaves free; and they, we dare say, went back with joy to their own land.

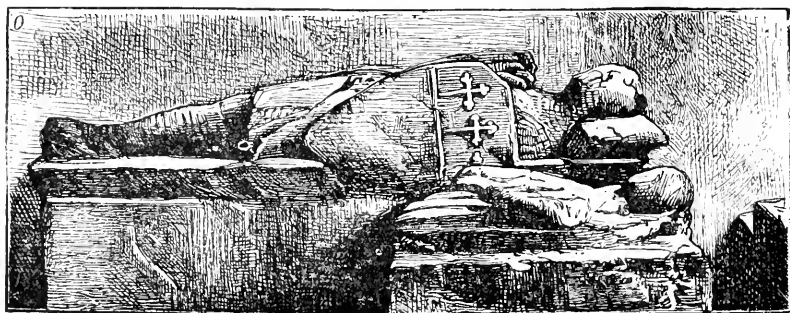
Der-mod did not live to reap much good from what he had done; for he died in the course of the next year, and then all the I-rish-men that had been on his side in the war came to fight with the men of their own land.

Saint Law-rence O'Toole was at this time Arch-bish-op of Dub-lin. This great man thought that now would be a good time in which to drive the foe out. So the I-rish got help from the Isle of Man, and Strong-bow was shut up with his men in Dub-lin, both by land and sea. Their food gave out and the I-rish told them that they must give up all claim on Ire-land, and give their word to quit it on a day that the I-rish would name, or they would get no food. But the foe made up their minds to try one more way ere they gave in. So when the I-rish had not the least thought of such a thing, they cut their way right through their ranks and made them flee to all sides.

Strong-Bow took part of his troops to Wex-ford and left part in Dublin, with much food that they had got in the I-rish camp. But soon Strong-Bow had to leave his troops at Wex-ford and go back

to En-gland, for he heard that King Hen-ry was put out with him, and so had to go to plead his own cause.

He told Hen-ry he might have “all the lands he had won in Ire-land,” which was most kind, we must say, when we think that he did not own in truth one inch in that isle as yet. Then Hen-ry gave him back his En-glish lands which he had tak-en from him, and got to be great friends with him once more.



STRONG-BOW'S TOMB.

CHAPTER VIII.

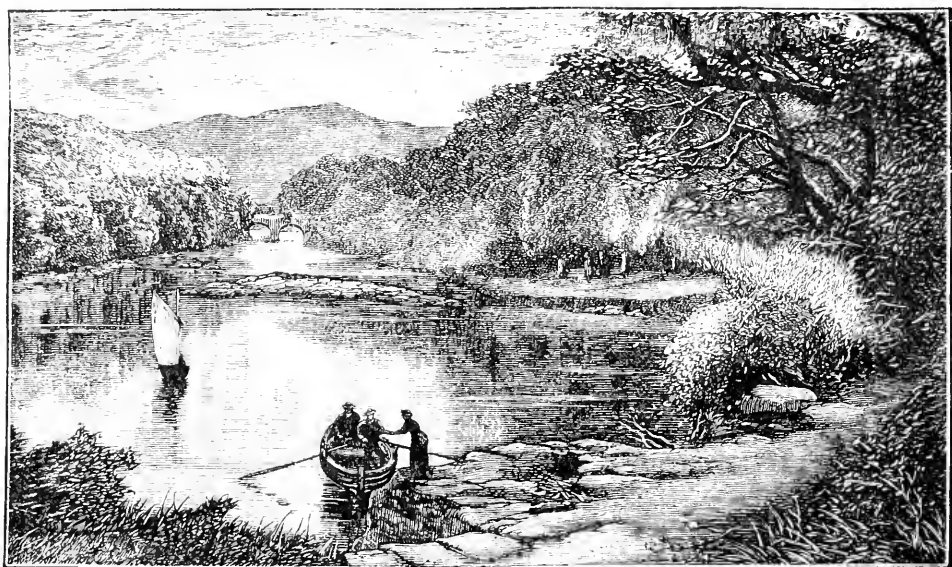
KING HENRY II. COMES TO IRELAND.

THE next thing of note was that Hen-ry came to the scene of the war. He said that he had come to make things all right and stop war, and the I-rish thought that it was so. Some chiefs gave up to him, the towns of Cork, Wex-ford, and Wa-ter-ford let him in, and he gave Dub-lin to the folks for whom there was no room in the town of Bris-tol, in En-gland. Then he made all the bish-ops and priests meet him at Wa-ter-ford, and there read them what is known as the Bull of A-dri-an—that is, leave from the pope to go and make Ire-land his. Some say that the pope gave him no such thing, that Hen-ry, who was a man of much craft, made it up so that the I-rish, who thought a great deal of the pope, might be led by it to give in to him. If it be true, if A-dri-an did give him leave in truth, he did so for the best, for all say that he was a good man.

At the time that Der-mod fled to En-gland strife had grown so fierce that the folks were kept back. Each tribe or clan fought the next, and no chief was found so strong as to put down strife once for all and bring the land 'neath the sway of one king, as En-gland had been brought. The folks could

not turn their minds in peace to learn things that help to make a land great and rich. So if A-drian sent Hen-ry, he did so for the good of the folks in Ire-land, in the hope that he would be so strong as to rule and give a peace there that would last.

But, as we know, Hen-ry was not a good man.



MEET-ING OF THE WA-TERS AT THE OLD WIER BRIDGE.

It was not the good of the I-rish that made him cross the sea to their shores. Since the time of the date of the Bull, he had put men up to the bad deed of the death of Thom-as a Beck-et. So now he heard that the pope had sent wise men from his court to learn just what part had been the king's in

this vile deed. He heard, too, that his wife, Queen El-e-a-nor, and his sons, had made plots, so he had to go back to En-gland. He made Strong-Bow Vice-roy of Ire-land, and set sail at once.

Still the I-rish did not give in. They kept up the war, and at times won. Af-ter a while Strong-Bow died. The I-rish might now have got a chance to throw off the yoke, but their chiefs did not keep to the same plans. Soon, John, the son of Hen-ry, came to Ire-land and staid eight months. He took the name of Lord of Ire-land, and put tax on tax on the I-rish.

It was round this time that Rod-er-ick, the High-king, was made to give up his throne by his two sons. He went to the house of the monks at Cong, and there died. Then there was no High-king, and the kings in all the parts of the land kept up the war, but not to much use. They were swept off the scene one by one. For long years the tale of the isle is but that of a few great clans who fought to get spoil and have might in the land more than to drive out the foe.

Hen-ry II. now died, and Rich-ard I., whom men call Li-on-heart, got the throne. There was now strife in the ranks of the En-glish, and it would have been a fine time for the I-rish to free their land for good and all, but it was the sad fate of this

fine race to have no great man in their midst at this time whose sole thought would be to save his own dear land. Don-ald O'Bri-en, the last king of Limer-ick, and Hugh de La-cy won most fame at this time.

CHAPTER IX.

KING JOHN COMES TO IRELAND.

WHEN King John got the En-glish throne, he made a man of the name of Fitz-Hen-ry, Vice-roy of Ire-land. The O'Con-nors fought in Ker-ry. One of them sought the help of Hugh O'Neill, of Ul-ster, who had fought the En-glish with all his might. But soon O'Neill was made to go out of Ul-ster, and O'Lough-lin got the rule there; but when a few years had gone by, O'Neill got back his land. The feuds of the great I-rish clans had their match in the feuds of the En-glish in Ire-land.

Hugh de La-cy was now made Earl of Ul-ster. En-gland at this time was put 'neath the ban of the pope for the bad acts of John, its king. When the See of Can-ter-bu-ry had need of an Arch-bish-op, he put a man of his own choice, and so, we dare say, not a good man, to fill it. But the pope would

not let the man of John's choice have the See, and chose in his stead the great Stephen Lang-ton—he who gave so much, if not the most, aid when they wrung the Mag-na Char-ta, or Great Char-ter, which gave men rights that no king could take from them, from King John, and which the folks of En-gland in our own day look on still as the ground of all their good laws. So those who say that priests like to keep down the folks in all lands should think of Stephen Lang-ton when he stood up at Run-ny-mede with the chief men of the land and fought for, and got what was right from that bad, hard king.

While the ban of the pope hung like a cloud on his land, John set sail for Ire-land. The folks there, you may be sure, gave no sign of joy when he set foot on their shores. It was now a year since a throng of folks from Bris-tol, in En-gland, who had learned that a plague in Dub-lin had slain huge crowds there, thought that now there would be room for them to live there, and set sail at once. They got to Dub-lin, and had been there but a few days, when, as they were in great sport and glee at a place of the name of Cul-len's Wood, the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles came down on them from the Wick-low Mount-ains and slew three hund-red of them. For a long time this day bore the name of Black Mon-day.

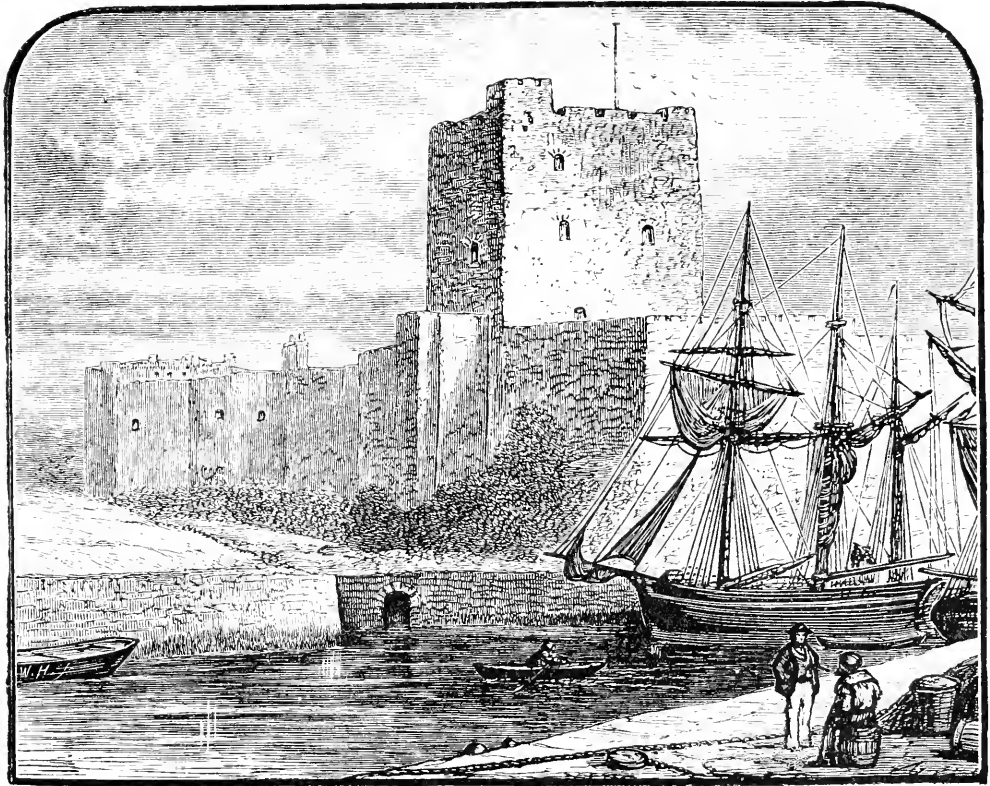
De La-cy fled when John came. John took Car-rick-fer-gus Castle from his men and put his own troops there. Some of the I-rish kings bent the knee to John ; of these were Hugh O'Neill and Cath-al Crov-derg. The Nor-man lords, too, had to swear to be true to him. The chiefs who dwelt in the north and west of the isle kept still, and John went home at the end of six-ty days.

At the close of this reign two great I-rish chiefs, O'Neill and O'Don-nell, joined their men and fought the foe once more.

His son, Hen-ry III., got the throne at the death of John. A form of the Mag-na Char-ta, with a great deal of the good cut out of it, was now put in force in Ire-land. The I-rish got the En-glish to say just what the Vice-roy should or should not do. He was bound to say what he did with the aid, and all the gold that was got from the I-rish, and had to keep up all the forts and lands of the king as they should be, by means of that gold.

And now a fierce feud rose as to who should have the prov-ince of Con-naught. For ten years the fight went on. De Bur-go put in his claim to it as the king's gift to him ; Cath-al said it was his by right of his sire, Crov-derg ; Tur-lough said it was his by right of war, if he could get it. This last seems to have been most the choice of the folks,

and so O'Neill made him chief. So fierce was this feud that it is said in the books of that time that there was no man left in the fields to reap the grain.



CAR-RICK-FER-GUS CAS-TLE.

The English at this time made a plot to take the life of Richard, Earl of Pembroke, the grandson of Strong-bow. By the most mean and vile acts they got him in a spot where they could kill

him, and did so. Hen-ry the Third was sad when he heard of Rich-ard's death.

But the times were not all bad. There were good folks still in the world. When one tries to tell of the past he must dwell more on feats of arms, of course; but we must not think from this that there was naught else in the world.

Good and kind monks and nuns were in the land all this time, and did their best to keep up the arts of peace mid the din of war. They wrote books, they fed the poor, they sowed the fields and took in the grain when it was ripe; the foot-sore found a place to rest 'neath their roof, and, friend or foe, a hand to dress their wounds, or, if need were, help to meet their God.



SIG-NA-TURE.

CHAPTER X.

BRUCE TRIES TO FREE IRELAND.

AT length the I-rish chiefs made O'Neill king of all Ire-land, and he died in a war for this name with the lord chief-jus-tice. Art, the lord of Meath, fought the En-glish too at this time.

Hen-ry III. now died, and Ed-ward I. came to the En-glish throne. At this time it is said the I-rish harp came in use in It-a-ly.

Rich-ard de Burgh, the "Red Earl" of Ul-ster, now got to be the great lord in Ire-land. His home in Trim was just like a court, and his acts were those of a king. He put down the O'Con-nors in Con-naught, and O'Neill and O'Don-nell in Ul-ster. But when he went to Meath, to take the lands of the Fitz-ger-alds, they took him and put him in jail. These Fitz-ger-alds were a great clan. One of them was made Earl of Kil-dare, and one Earl of Desmond. Both these men and those of their blood bore the name of the Ger-ald-ines all through their lines.

But the "Red Earl" got free by means of an act of the first Par-li-a-ment held in Ire-land. This was held by the En-glish at Kil-ken-ny.

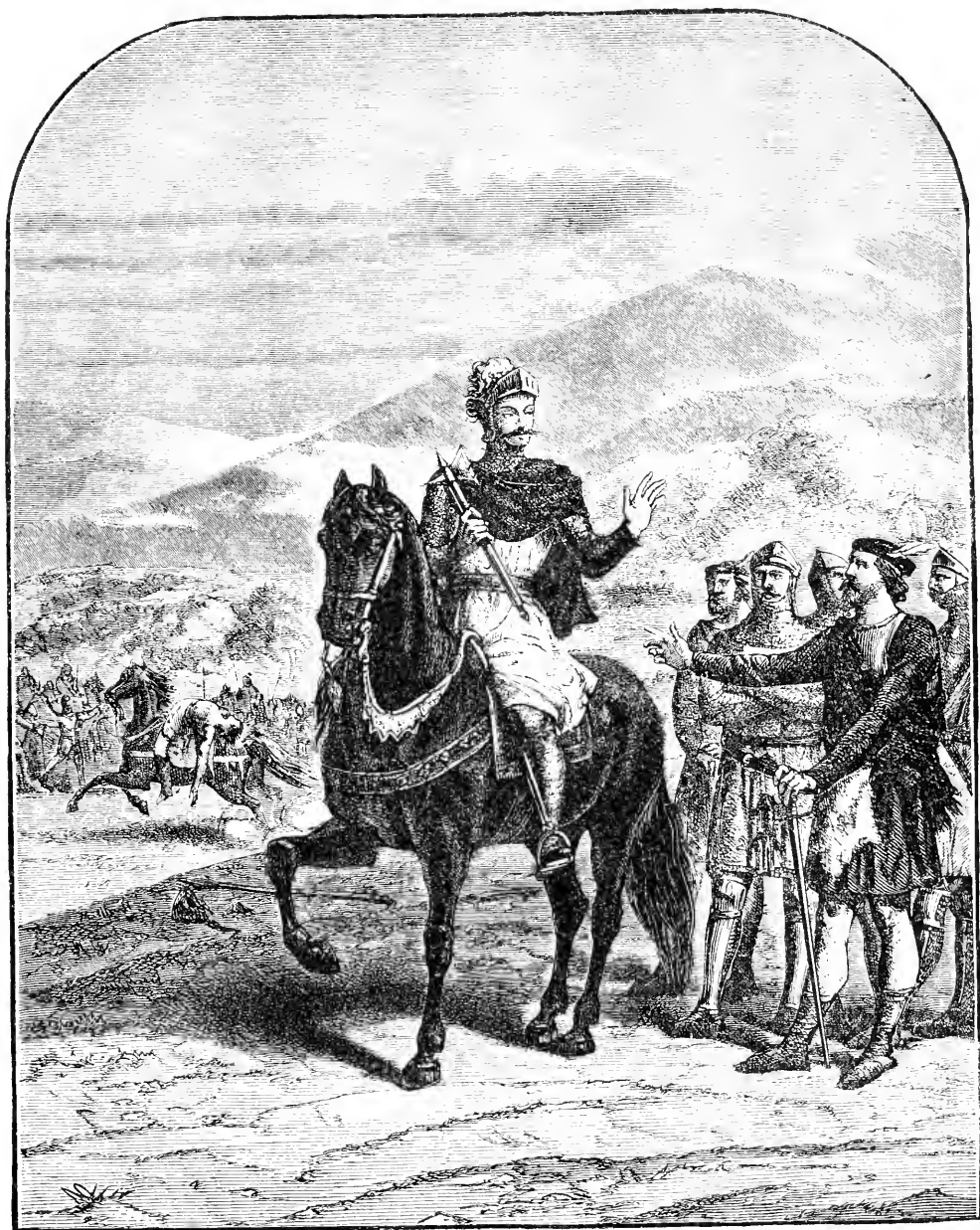
It was in this same reign that some I-rish chiefs

were slain at a feast to which Prince Ber-ming-ham, an En-glish lord, bade them. So a great throng of the I-rish went to help Bruce in his war with Ed-ward I. in Scot-land. The En-glish lords in Ire-land went, of course, to help Ed-ward. Donald O'Neill, king of Ul-ster, sent Bruce a band of bow-men. At the fight of Ban-nock-burn the En-glish lost the field, and a great En-glish po-et wrote thus of it :

To Al-bi-on's Scots we ne'er would yield,
The I-rish bow-men won the field.

When the I-rish saw how well the Scots had done, they thought they would join their men and try all at once to do as well. So they sent for Ed-ward Bruce to come and take the head of their men to lead them to the fight, and try to make their land free. So Bruce came, and as soon as he got to the shores of Ire-land, met O'Neill and all the I-rish chiefs that had said they would join. They soon took the towns of Dun-dalk and Ar-dee, the "Red Earl" was beat at Cas-tle Con-nor, and all Ul-ster, save Car-rick-fer-gus, was Bruce's. So all the chiefs met at Dun-dalk and Bruce was made king of all Ire-land, and the crown put on his head mid great joy and pomp.

This step gave the En-glish a real fright, and their king sought the pope's aid to get the I-rish to



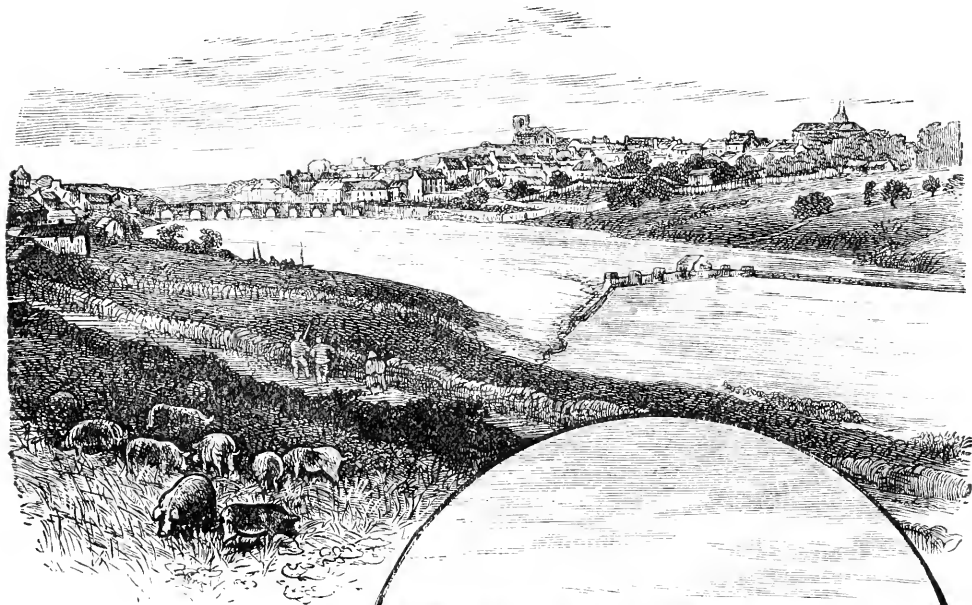
ROBERT BRUCE.

have him for their lord. Don-ald O'Neill then wrote to the pope, too ; he set forth the ills which the I-rish had borne since the land had been made the En-GLISH king's ; how the En-GLISH drove them from their homes and lands to the wild spots in the hills, where they had to herd like wild beasts in woods and caves, from which, if they could, their foes would chase them, for they laid claim to each place in turn which the I-rish kept. O'Neill then told the pope that they would try to get their land back, and if Bruce could free it he should have it.

So the I-rish kept up the fight, strong in their love for their land. They sent one of the Scotch earls who had come with Bruce for King Robert Bruce of Scot-land, who came and took his place with his broth-er at Car-rick-fer-gus, to which they laid siege. So hard up were the En-GLISH for food that they ate hides. Then they went on to Dub-lin. The foe had great fear, for they were now more strong and fierce than they had been since first the En-GLISH came. The De La-cys came 'neath the flag of Bruce. The En-GLISH put De Bur-go in jail, for his child was the wife of the Scotch king, and they thought he might play his own side false and let the foe in, so they put him where he could do them no harm.

They tore down all that they had need of to

make the town strong, and so strong did they make it that Bruce saw it would be of no use to try to take it then, so he fell back with his men to a place which bore the name of the "Sal-mon Leap."



BAL-LY-SHAN-NON.

By this time the Earl of Kil-dare had got troops and led them to fight the Scotch and I-rish troops, who had no food. King Rob-ert,



THE SAL-MON LEAP.

too, went back to his own land ; but the Bruce who staid, fought on. Good crops took from them the fear of want of food ; and it was said that two cardinals were on their way from Rome to bring back peace to the land.

One last grand fight took place near Dun-dalk. The De La-cy and some more English lords fought 'neath the flag of Bruce, why, it is hard to say. Edward Bruce fell, slain by a knight who was at once slain in his turn. The head of the Scotch chief was put in salt in a chest, and put 'neath the eyes of King Edward II. at a feast. He did not seem to mind this sight in the least, but the Scotch lords who were at the board, ran out of the room.

As for the English lords, they were put in jail, and got three bits of the worst bread and three draughts of foul drink once in a while till they died. And so came to an end Bruce's brave plan to free Ire-land.

CHAPTER XI.

ART M'MURROUGH, KING OF LEINSTER.

THOUGH Bruce had not freed them, the I-rish kept on in their fight with the foe. Ed-ward III. was now on the throne. The En-glish lords tried to get free from his rule ; they had learned by this time to speak the I-rish tongue, and were as I-rish as they had once been En-glish. So Ed-ward took from them all the land which they had got from him or from his sires. The next year he said that no man who had been born or had wed in Ire-land, or held land there, should have aught to do with the State.

But the lords met at once at Kil-ken-ny, and told him just how wrong they thought this was, and as Ed-ward was on the eve of a war with France, he had to yield for a time.

Ed-ward took an I-rish force with him to Cre-cy, in France, and they won a great name for the way they fought there, and at Cal-ais, too.

Li-o-nel, the son of Ed-ward, was now sent to Ire-land with a large force. He went to Coun-ty Clare to root out the I-rish, but got quite a shock when his force was beat with a great loss. It is thought that he took the name of the Duke of Clar-

ence, from the fact that his life was won for him while there by the speed of his horse.

Li-o-nel now made new and hard laws. One of these said that to wed an I-rish wife or husband should be held as the worst wrong in the list of crimes ; and that to buy or sell from the I-rish should be held to be as bad. This new law said, too, that all the old I-rish laws were to be as if they had not been made, and that the En-glish must go back to their own tongue and their old ways in all things. The I-rish were told that they must not put their herds to feed on En-glish lands, and the En-glish were told that they must not let I-rish bards or news-men in their homes.

A great chief now rose in the land who bore the name of Art McMur-rough. For long years he fought, and fought so well that the En-glish in the "Pale," for such was the name of that part of the land where the En-glish dwelt, had to pay the chief who led their troops a great sum to go on with the war. Art made the En-glish pay him a tax, to which they gave the name of black-mail. He was king of Lein-ster, and Rod-er-ick was the king of Con-naught. Rich-ard II. now sat on the throne of En-gland, and so great was his wish to get rid of Art, that he led a great force to Ire-land. When he got there he told Art that if he would give up

to him all the land he had in Lein-ster, he would give him a right to all the lands that he could wrest from the I-rish chiefs. But Art would not hear to this. He would keep his own and steal no man's land from him. So then Rich-ard went out to fight this proud chief; but Art fled as Rich-ard came, and so the En-GLISH king soon gave up the war and fell back to Dub-lin. Then Rich-ard sent for Art to have a talk with him. So Art came, and he and the king got to be friends, and Rich-ard made Art a knight, though Art said he had been made one when a child, and did not care in the least to have the En-GLISH king do it once more.

Then Rich-ard made his kins-man, Rog-er Mortimer, Earl of March, Vice-roy, and set sail with his fleet. But he was not well gone when the I-rish chiefs rose once more and in a few years Rich-ard had to come back, for Art put the Earl of March and all his force to death at Ken-lis. The rage of the En-GLISH king was great, and he brought a great band of men with which to seize Art, who now bore the name of King and Lord of Great Ire-land.

He had not much fear of Rich-ard, and when that king sought to make terms with him, he sent back word that he would not give in to him nor do

what he said ; that he was the real king of the isle, and would keep up the war till death

When Rich-ard heard these proud words he at once took the field ; but as he went on Art went back and laid waste the land, so that the foe could find no food for his men or beasts. In his rage Rich-ard said he would give a large sum in pure gold for Art, dead or in life. But it was in vain that he held out this bribe ; he had to go back to Dub-lin as he left it, and from thence had to set sail at once for his own land to fight the Duke of Lan-cas-ter, who had laid claim to the throne. For a long term of years Art kept up the war with his foes, and then this brave and great chief died.

CHAPTER XII.

ENGLISH LAWS FOR IRELAND—THE DUKE OF YORK.

WHEN Art died he left no one in the land at all like him, for his son Don-ough, who was as brave though not so great or wise as his sire, was caught by the foe and put in the Tow-er of Lon-don, which was a great jail. At this time the En-glish As-sembly of the Pale made a law that no man should go from the isle if he did not first get leave to do so.

They soon made a law which was a fit match for this, for it said that no man should take things to be sold at fair or mart in the parts of the isle which did not form the “Pale.” Men had to shave their top lips, or share the fate of I-rish foes, was what one more of these laws said, too. So we need not go far to see why the I-rish race kept up their hate for this hard foe who tried to do naught to gain their love.

When Hen-ry VI. got to the En-glish throne while still but a babe, Ed-ward Mor-ti-mer, Earl of March, got the rule of Ire-land, but died of plague the next year, and Lord Fur-ni-val took his place. The son of Art McMur-rough was now let out of jail and came back to his own land. At this time the En-glish would make the I-rish give them food, and coin, and a place to lodge in their homes, and pay them naught for all this. The feud 'twixt the Earl of Or-mond and the Tal-bots in Ire-land was near as dire to that land as the Wars of the Ro-ses in En-gland.

At length the Duke of York was sent to rule Ire-land. His wife came with him. This fair dame bore the name of the “Rose of Ra-by.” Two of her sons sat on the En-glish throne—Ed-ward IV. and Rich-ard III. The Duke of York tried to please the I-rish by his acts, and they, in turn,

tried to please him. Each day they got to like him more. The great chiefs sent him gifts, and one chief sent two steeds for the use of the Rose of Ra-by. So we see that here, as else-where, love can do much more than fear, and that to be kind is to use true might. But soon the Duke of York's friends made him go back to En-gland. The great War of the Ro-ses did naught for Ire-land, though she clung to the White Rose, no doubt in the hope that if the Duke of York won he would be more just than En-glish kings in the past had been. When he was at last slain some of the great chiefs from Meath and Ul-ster fell with him. The Ger-ald-ines fought on his side, but the But-lers wore the Red Rose. The chiefs who were at home did their best to beat the foe in their land, for they thought it was a good time to do so, and at last left the En-glish but a small space in the isle.

When Ed-ward IV. got to be king in En-gland a law was made which said that each I-rish-man who dwelt in the "Pale" must take with his own name the name of a town, as Ches-ter, or Sut-ton, or of a hue, as white, black, or brown, or some name from the list which they gave, or lose his goods each year. There were more laws put in force at this time which made it a hard thing for the I-rish to dwell where the En-glish were, for if an

En-GLISH-man was not friends with an I-rish-man he could soon show cause why he had a right to put him to death, and do it. There was a law, too, which said that if an En-GLISH-man was hurt by an I-rish-man out-side the “Pale,” he need spare none of his sept or clan, but make all pay for the act of their chief. All I-rish-men who lived by trade had to bring bows and darts with the goods that they brought from En-GLAND to the isle. One of these laws, and but one, was good for the I-rish, that which said that the En-GLISH who dwelt in the “Pale” should have naught to do with them.

Round this time Hugh Roe O'Don-nell brought hand-guns to Ire-land, and soon great guns, or can-non came in use.

An Act was now put forth by the I-rish Par-li-a-ment which said that for the time to come none of its Bills or Acts should be law till they had been seen by the king and his coun-cil in En-GLAND and sent back to it with the great seal of the realm.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EARLS OF KILDARE.



WHEN Hen-ry VII. took for his badge the great half white, half red rose, and so put an end to the long War of the Ro-ses, he made the Duke of Bedford Lord of Ire-land, and kept Ger-ald, Earl of Kil-dare, as Lord Dep-u-ty, which he had been in the reign of Rich-ard III.

In this reign a young man by the name of Lam-bert Sim-nel laid claim to the throne of En-gland as the son of the Duke of Clar-ence, who had been put to death in the Tow-er. As the En-glish rule was most weak in Ire-land, he made his way there

and got some of the great lords of the "Pale" to take up his cause and fight for him. First of these was the Earl of Kil-dare.

So, on Whit-sun-day, the crown was put on Lam-bert's head in the Ca-the-dral of the Ho-ly Trin-i-ty in Dub-lin, and he got the name of Ed-ward VI. Coins were struck and laws made in his name.

In a short time his friends took him to En-gland, where he fought with King Hen-ry's troops at Stoke, and lost the day. The king got hold of him, and in place of a crown gave him hawks to train. The Earl of Kil-dare was not made to feel the wrath of King Hen-ry for his share in the pomp of the young mock king. Fire-arms came in use in all parts of the isle at this time.

Hen-ry VII. seems to have felt some fear lest the lords of the "Pale" might not prove true to him in time to come, for he sent Sir Rich-ard Edge-combe to get them to take an oath to be true to him. This they did, but in a short time, when Per-kin War-beck laid claim to the throne as Duke of York, they paid no heed to their oath, but took up arms in his cause. King Hen-ry sent one of his lords with a band of men to put down this new scheme 'gainst his throne, and those who were for War-beck fled to the north. As soon as the king's

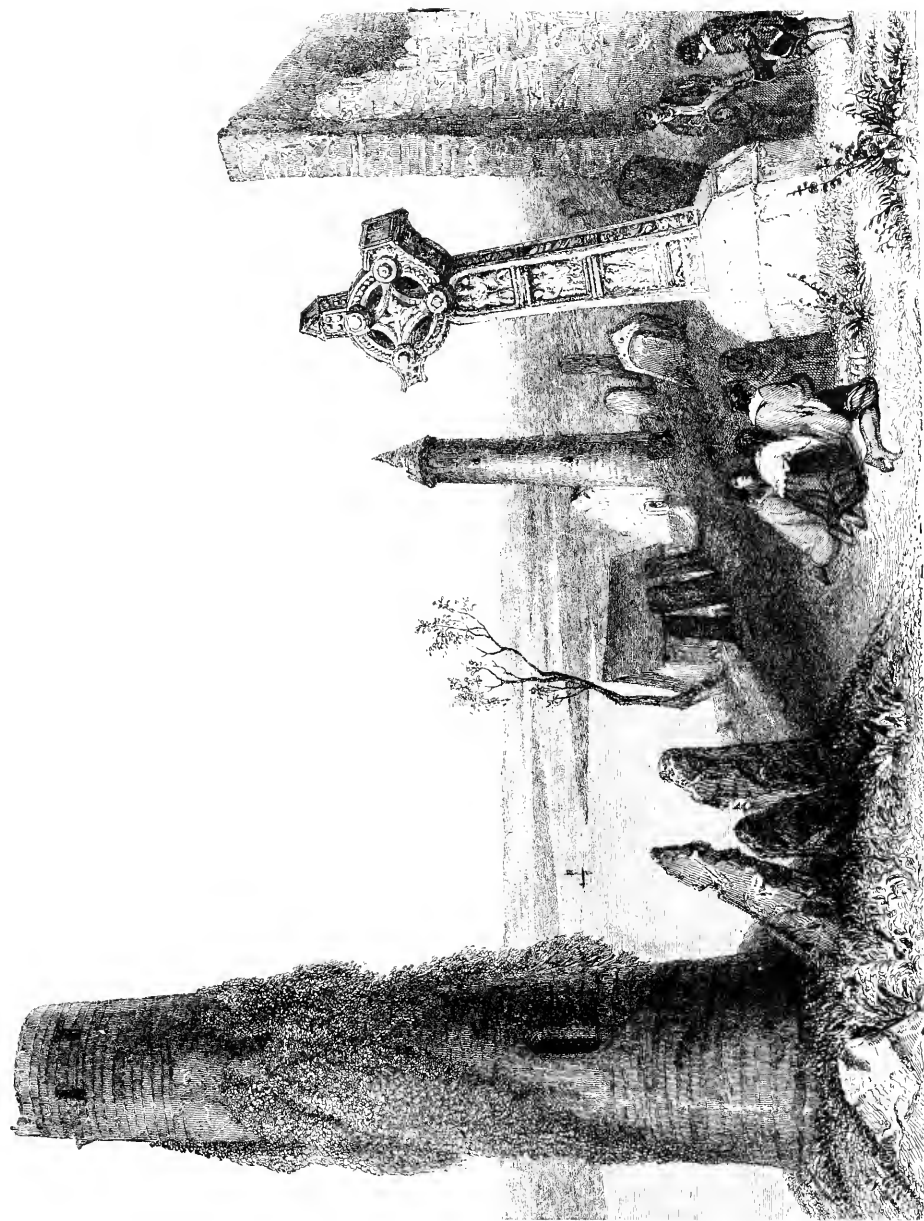
men went on their track, one of the near kin of the Earl of Kil-dare rose in arms in the south and took Car-low Cas-tle. The king's men had to come back from the north, and when peace had been made the Earl of Kil-dare was sent to En-gland to tell the king the cause of his acts for the past few years. But Kil-dare plead his cause so well that the king gave him one of his near kin to wife, and when his foes said that all Ire-land could not rule him, said: "Then in good faith shall he rule all Ire-land."

Then Prince Hen-ry, who in time came to the throne as King Hen-ry VIII., was made Vice-roy of Ire-land, and the Earl of Kil-dare his Dep-u-ty. He held this place till his death, which took place in the reign of Hen-ry VIII., and then his son, Ger-ald, got it. He was the ninth and last Cath-olic Earl of Kil-dare.

At this time the En-glish held but a small part of the land, and in this part the bulk of the folks were I-rish in their ways, their speech, and by birth.

The Ger-ald-ines of Mun-ster tried hard to get some more land from the I-rish chiefs, but Mac-Car-thy and O'Bri-en made one great force of their men and beat them in a hard fight.

Then the Earl of Des-mond, the chief of the Ger-ald-ines, tried to get the French king to send



AN-CIENT CROSS, CLON-MAC-NOISE.

men to Ire-land to drive out the En-glish lords from the "Pale." This was found out by King Hen-ry, who sent the Earl of Kil-dare 'gainst him. But Kil-dare did not care much to do the work the king had put him to do, so he went off to Ul-ster to bring back peace there, he said.

But this did not please King Hen-ry. He sent for Kil-dare to come to Lon-don. Kil-dare put the rule in the hands of his son, Lord Thom-as, and set off. Hen-ry kept him for four years, and took him in his train when he went to the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

At last he got back to his own land, but in the next year Hen-ry sent for him once more. He went, but as soon as he got to Lon-don, he was thrust in the Tow-er.

Then the foes of his house sent word that his head had been cut off, so as to rouse Silk-en Thom-as, for such was the name his son went by, to do some act that would make him feel the king's wrath. And Silk-en Thom-as did do just what they had thought he would do. When he heard the dire but false news of his sire's death, he went at once to the great hall where the coun-cil sat, flung down his sword of state, and said he would keep faith no more with King Hen-ry. Then he took up arms 'gainst him. For a while he and his

band of men held out, but at last when he had lost most of his men, he gave in to Lord Gray, whom the king had sent to take him. Lord Gray had said that naught should be done to him, but when he got him he broke his word and sent him to England, where he was hung with five of his near kin who had had no part in the act of Kil-dare. At this time a law was put in force which said that the young English girls must not wed Irish-men.

CHAPTER XIV.

PROTESTANT RULE.

BUT a new woe was now to be felt by Ireland. Henry the Eighth had sent from him his true, good wife, and put Anne Boleyn in her place. He said that he, and not the pope, was the head of the Church in England. But the best men in his realm would not take the oath to hold him as head of the Church, and for this the bad king had their heads cut off.

In England the priests and monks had more wealth and lands than had those in Ireland. Those in the "Pale" may have had some of the goods of this world, but in the rest of the land the priests

and monks were poor and had naught to tempt them to be false to the truth. So they were brave and strong in their day, and kept the faith, the old faith, for Ire-land, while En-gland went with her king and got her new name of Prot-est-ant.

Hen-ry made George Browne, who had once been a priest, the first Prot-est-ant Arch-bish-op of Dub-lin. This man did his best to put the new faith in place of the old, but though by law it was made the faith of the land, in truth but three priests and a few of the folks took it for their own. The rest, in spite of Browne or the law, held to the old. Then a scheme was made up to take off their cows and spoil their corn for use while it was yet green. The En-glish took the homes of the monks and nuns, too, and gave them to those who would take the new faith, or to the king.

The Cath-o-lics took up arms for their rights, but they lost in the fight, and then they sent to James the Fifth, of Scot-land, to ask for aid. This king sent a large force, which, sad to tell, did not reach Ire-land.

Hen-ry the Eighth now had a law made which gave him the name of "King of En-gland and Ire-land." O'Neill of Ul-ster and a few more of the I-rish chiefs who said that they would call the king by his new name, were made earls. At this time

the coun-ty of Meath was made in two parts, which got the name of East Meath and West Meath. Great dearth was felt there, and six white pence was the price of a cake of bread.

When King Hen-ry the Eighth died, his son, Ed-ward the Sixth, came to the throne. St. Leg-er, who had been Lord Dep-u-ty in the time of the late king, still kept the rule, but Bel-ling-ham was sent from En-gland with a large force to keep the peace. He was a man of strong will. Once, when the Earl of Des-mond said he would not go up to Dub-lin, but would keep Christ-mas in his own home, Bel-ling-ham set out at once with a small band of men on horse-back and brought him up to Dub-lin.

The O'Con-nors and the O'Mores were put out of their homes and their lands by an En-glish-man of the name of Bry-an. This part of the land now got the name of King's coun-ty and Queen's coun-ty. A law was made which said that the sole tongue used in the house of God should be En-glish. But this was in truth a hard law, as I think you will grant when you hear that the I-rish did not know aught of the En-glish tongue.

But soon a gleam of hope sprang up in the hearts of the poor I-rish. Ed-ward the Sixth died, and Ma-ry Tu-dor came to the throne. She was a

Cath-o-lic, and so all who had tried to force the new creed on folks who felt naught for it but hate were put down.

Arch-bish-op Don-dall was made Arch-bish-op of Ar-magh. All was as it had been ere the new creed was thought of, but the folks did not get aught else done for them. Their wrongs were left the same as they had been.

The late Earl of Kil-dare's sons, Ger-ald and Ed-ward, came back from France in this reign. Great joy was felt at this, for fears had been felt that none of the Kil-dares would e'er set foot in Ire-land.

The great man 'mong the I-rish chiefs at this time was "John the Proud," or Shane O'Neill, who took the name of King of Ul-ster. He put down his sire, who had tak-en the name of Earl of Ty-rone from Hen-ry the Eighth.

But five years from the time Queen Ma-ry came to the throne she died, and E-liz-a-beth got to be queen. She went in the way of her sire. Mass was put a stop to, the queen made head of the Church, and all priests who would not hold her to be so, were bade to leave the land. The Earl of Sus-sex was sent to Ire-land as Lord Dep-u-ty, and told to make things there the same as they were in En-gland.



HEN-RY THE EIGHTH.

CHAPTER XV.

SHANE O'NEILL.

THE Earl of Sus-sex tried his best to do as he had been told to do, but in vain. The I-rish could not and would not be made Prot-est-ant.

Sus-sex made the Prov-ince of Con-naught out of six coun-ties. While he did this Shane O'Neill brought the whole of Ul-ster 'neath his rule. When his foes said that he made plots, he went to Lon-don, saw the queen, and plead his cause so well that she was most kind to him, and ere he left the court gave him rich gifts. But he kept up the war all the same when he got back to his own land, and so strong a foe did Sus-sex find him that he sent tales of him to the queen. Then the queen would send back word for her troops to be of good heart, for when they won in the fight there would be all the more lands for them. But at last E-liz-a-beth said to O'Neill that if he would cease the war she would make him Earl of Ty-rone. "Tell your queen," said O'Neill to the man who brought him this news, "that if she is Queen of En-gland, I am O'Neill, King of Ul-ster. I make no peace with her till she asks me to do so. I crave not the name of Earl; my

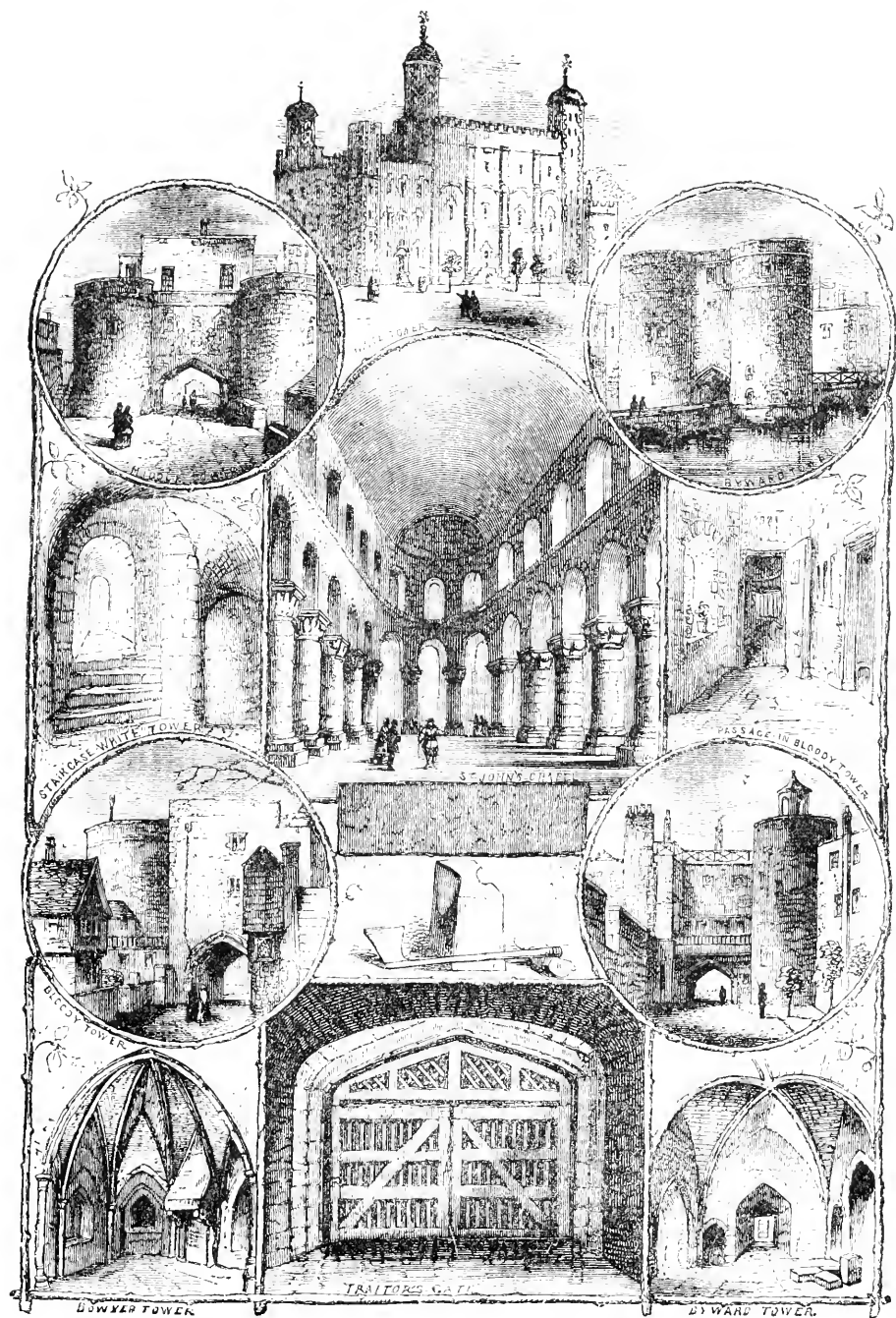
race and birth raise me too high for me to care for such a thing ; my sires have been Kings of Ul-ster, I have got that land by the sword, and by the sword I will keep it."

When this way did not make O'Neill give in, they got a great band of his men from him by bribes. At last Sir Wil-liam Piers got some Scotch troops to come to Ire-land and get in a fight with O'Neill and kill him. And so, at a feast, they did so, and went at him with their swords drawn and slew him. And so died Shane O'Neill.

The Earl of Sus-sex was sent word by the queen to go back to En-gland, and Sir Hen-ry Sid-ney was made Vice-roy. The Earl of Des-mond, who kept to the true old faith, still kept up his feud with the Earl of Or-mond, who held the new creed. In a fight the Earl of Des-mond was hurt, and fell in the hands of the men of Or-mond. The name of the race of Or-mond was But-ler. So when the men who bore Des-mond from the field said, with the wish to taunt him, "Where is now the proud Earl of Des-mond?" Des-mond said, with both pride and wit, "Where he should be, on the necks of the But-lers."

In the "Pale" things were not so bad in E-liz-a-beth's reign as they had been for some time past, but in the rest of the land they were as bad as they

well could be. A vile class of men who made great show of their love for En-gland came to Ire-land in throngs and were free to rob as much as they had a wish to. Bish-ops, priests and monks were put on the rack and put to death when they could not be made to say that the queen was head of the Church. Throngs on throngs of the poor folks were hung, but the rest could not be made to take the new creed for their own. The Earl of Des-mond kept rule in the south of Mun-ster. When the Bish-op of Kil-dare was made to leave his See, Des-mond gave him a home. When a short time had gone by, Sir Hen-ry Sid-ney came down on Kil-mal-lock, the home of Des-mond, and took him off by force to Dub-lin and from thence sent him to the Tow-er of Lon-don. His kin and clans-men rose in arms at this act, led by Fitz-mau-rice. They fought well, but in a short time Des-mond got out of the Tow-er, and then they laid down their arms and there was peace for four years.



TOW-ER OF LON-DON.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GERALDINE LEAGUE.

WHEN four years were past the Ger-ald-ines went on with the war. A base act done at this time made things much worse. A man of the name of Cros-by, Pres-i-dent of Lein-ster, bade in the queen's name all the great I-rish chiefs and their kin to come to a place in King's coun-ty to have a talk with the En-glish. But as soon as the I-rish got to the spot their fierce foes slew them.

And now the woe of the I-rish for their faith grew most hard to bear. The cows were slain and the crops spoilt; old folks and young were thrust in their homes and burnt with them, and wives were found hung from trees with their babes dead in their arms. Rich tracts of land were left void of man or beast, save for the dead who lay with their mouths all green from the dock root they had torn from the ground to eat. A great En-glish po-et, Ed-mund Spen-ser, tells us this as a fact. He got Kil-col-man Cas-tle and a vast tract of land from the queen, and he wrote a great po-em, "The Fai-ry Queen," in her praise. But he had naught but hate for the I-rish.

At last Fitz-mau-rice went to seek aid from the

Cath-o-lic courts. Hosts of spies went on his path, but at last he got a force. By some bad chance an English-man got charge of the fleet and played them false. Scarce a month from the time that Fitz-maurice set foot on his own shore, he was slain by his own kins-men. John Ger-ald-ine was then made head of the league. The Earl of Des-mond took the field, and a large force from Spain came to his aid. But the fort in which they were fell in the hands of Lord Gray. When all had laid down their arms Sir Wal-ter Ra-leigh went in with his troops and had that great throng slain and flung down the rocks to the sea. The Earl had the good hap to get off with his life. He hid in a wood, where he was slain. His vast



SIR WAL-TER RA-LEIGH.

lands were made in parts and giv-en to his foes, and that was the end of the Ger-ald-ine League.

CHAPTER XVII.

HUGH O'NEILL.

BUT when the war was thus put an end to in Mun-ster, it broke out in Ul-ster, led by Hugh O'Neill. When this great chief took up arms he did so for naught save leave for the folks to hold both their rights and their faith at the same time. The wrongs of the folks grew more, in place of less, their priests were put on the rack and made to feel all kinds of fierce pain, hung, or flung in the sea. At last O'Neill took the field and laid siege to the fort of Black-wa-ter and took it. He won in a fierce fight, too, in which the Earl of Or-mond led his foes.

At last the Earl of Es-sex was sent from En-gland to break O'Neill's might. In his first fight with O'Neill's force the loss of plumes from his men's hats was so great that to this day the spot where it took place bears the name of "the Pass of the Plumes." He then took his march to the north.

When he got to the La-gan, O'Neill came in view on the hill be-yond that stream and sent his friend, the O'Ha-gan, to ask Es-sex to talk with him. Es-sex sent back word that he would, and rode down to the bank on his side of the stream. But O'Neill did more ; he rode in-to the stream and staid there till the talk came to an end. In a short time Es-sex had to go back to En-gland, and Lord Mount-joy came in his place. He kept up the war, but a large force came from Spain to help O'Neill. A great fight took place at Kin-sale, in which O'Neill was beat, with the loss of a great throng of his men whom the En-GLISH slew in cold blood. O'Neill held out, with the few that were left of his men, for a long while, but at last he gave in to the queen when Lord Mount-joy swore that none would seek to turn him from his faith.

In this reign the Cath-o-lics were told that they could have schools of their own no more, nor have their own boys and girls taught by those of their faith. So the Cath-o-lics built great schools at Lis-bon, in Spain, and at Dou-ay and Bor-deaux, in France. The Prot-est-ants built Trin-ity Col-lege at this time on the site of the great home for the monks that bore the name of All-Hal-lows in Dub-lin.

When the queen died, James I. came to the

English throne. He kept up the same hard laws 'gainst the Cath-o-lics. In this king's reign O'Neill, who had been left for some time in peace, was told he must be of the new creed. Then a charge was brought 'gainst him and the Earl of Tyr-con-nell that they had been in a place where there were a great throng of Cath-o-lics met to plot 'gainst the king. Both the earls, for O'Neill was Earl of Ty-rone, knew this charge was made for naught but to grasp their vast lands, so they fled to Rome, where they staid till their death.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

WHEN the O'Neill fled, Ul-ster's six coun-ties were made in parts and giv-en to those whom the king chose to have them. Trin-i-ty Col-lege got a large grant. Those who got these lands had to pledge their word that none who held the Cath-o-lic faith should be let have their homes on them.

When James I. died, Charles I. came to the throne. The I-rish found him to be just as hard as his sire had been. A great throng of Cath-o-lic men of high rank asked the king to grant them free

trade and the right to hold their lands, and have the same laws as the Prot-est-ants. They told the king that if he would do this for them, they would give him a great sum of gold. Charles took the gold, but did not grant what they had sent it to him for. The Earl of Straf-ford, who was his great friend, told him he would make things all right for him in Ire-land. So Charles made him Vice-roy, and he did all sorts of base things to gain gold and lands for his king. He made what bore the name of the "Court of Wards," which had a right to take Cath-o-lic boys and girls and bring them up in the new creed.

In this reign an I-rish Cath-o-lic peer, Lord Bal-ti-more, went to Ma-ry-land, in A-mer-i-ca. He took a throng of men with him, and their wives and boys and girls. The names of the ships which took them to their new homes were the Ark and the Dove. When they got there they built a town and let all men come to dwell in it, and made a law that each should be left to hold his own faith in peace.

It was in this reign, too, that four wise men wrote a great work which told all that was known of Ire-land, from its first-known days to their time. This work bears the name of "The An-nals of the Four Mas-ters."

Things had got to be bad for King Charles in En-gland. Ol-i-ver Crom-well had got the might in his hands, and the I-rish knew that bad as the kings had been to them, the Pu-ri-tans would be worse. So they made up their minds to try and get free once more. They chose Sir Phe-lim O'Neill to lead them, one of the kin of the great Hugh O'Neill. Strange to say, they were now the sole hope of the king. But when their foes heard that they were in arms their rage was great; and one night the En-glish and Scotch who dwelt in Car-rick-fer-gus, went to a place of the name of Isle Ma-gee, and slew a great throng of I-rish. Sir Charles Coote said that he would not spare even a babe, were it but a span long.

O-wen Roe O'Neill, who came to his own land from Spain, took Sir Phe-lim's place, as he was head of the clan. The war went on for some years, and at last Ol-i-ver Crom-well came with a great force to put an end to it. He was a hard, fierce foe, as the I-rish found. At Wex-ford a truce was made, but while it was in force, his troops broke in the town and slew all, strong men as well as young babes. The shrieks of a great throng of wom-en, who got round the great cross in the town, did not save them from the swords of the foe. At this time the brave chief, O-wen Roe O'Neill, died. Still



OL-I-VER CROM-WELL.

the I-rish fought on, and when Charles I. had his head cut off, they said they would hold Charles, his son, as king.

CHAPTER XIX.

CROMWELL'S RULE—CHARLES II.

WHEN Crom-well got the rule in En-gland, he of course got it as well in Ire-land. He at once sought to take that land from its own race and make it the home of the En-GLISH. So he sent a great band of I-rish-men of high birth out of the land, and they went to fight for Spain or France. They were not let take their wives or boys or girls with them, though, and Crom-well sent these as slaves to the West In-dies. The rest of the I-rish were sent to Con-naught and pent up there ; and it was made a law that if one of them should be met with out of that place, he who met him might kill him. Some would not leave their homes when Crom-well bade them, and these were put to death ; and of those who did go, some went mad, and some took their lives. The wolves were thick in the isle at this time, and so the I-rish who left it to fight the wars of strange kings, were not let take their

dogs with them. This was felt as a great loss by them, for the I-rish dogs were of great fame. The hunt was as fierce for the priest as it was for the wolf; but the priests staid in spite of it, and, at the risk of their lives, kept up the folks to the faith for which they bore so much. When the priests were found, they were hung, or put on the rack, or sent to the West In-dies; but still from the great schools of France or Spain, more came to take their place.

But at last Crom-well died and Charles II. got the crown. He gave no grace to the Pu-ri-tans in En-gland, but in Ire-land he let them have things their own way. He made a fierce foe of the Cath-o-lics, Lord Or-mond, Vice-roy, who did a good deal for the trade of the land. At the time of the great fire in Lon-don, the I-rish sent as a gift to the town a huge load of meat.

A new plot was got up 'gainst the Cath-o-lics by a wretch who bore the name of Ti-tus Oates. Through it a great man, Ol-i-ver Plunk-et, Arch-bish-op of Ar-magh, lost his life. His foes took him from his See to Lon-don, and there hung him.

The first news-pa-per in Ire-land saw the light in this reign in Dub-lin. It was but one sheet of small size, and its first word was "Sir."

And now a word as to the way the folks lived in those days. In the reign of James I. forks came in

use from It-a-ly. Folks ate from a long board set on a frame, which was then put one side to make room for the dance. Chairs were rare in those days. Young folks were thought to be bold to those who were of rank if they sat on aught but a hard stool or a bench. The floor was rush strewn, and the walls hung with rich stuffs. Men of high rank wore huge wigs and hats with broad brims and rich plumes. They wore rich lace at their necks, and rich gold lace hung, too, from their short cloaks.

The dress of the dames did not cost so much and was not so rich. They wore curls set out on wires at each side of the face, on which they put small black specks here-and there. They put paint on their cheeks, too. Those of low rank wore clothes of cloth, and their food was milk, sweet and sour, thick and thin, and bread in cakes. The poor folks did not eat much flesh meat, but the men found great joy in their short pipes.

CHAPTER XX.

JAMES II.

WHEN Charles died and James II. came to the throne the hopes of the Cath-o-lics rose high, for the new king was a Cath-o-lic, and said that

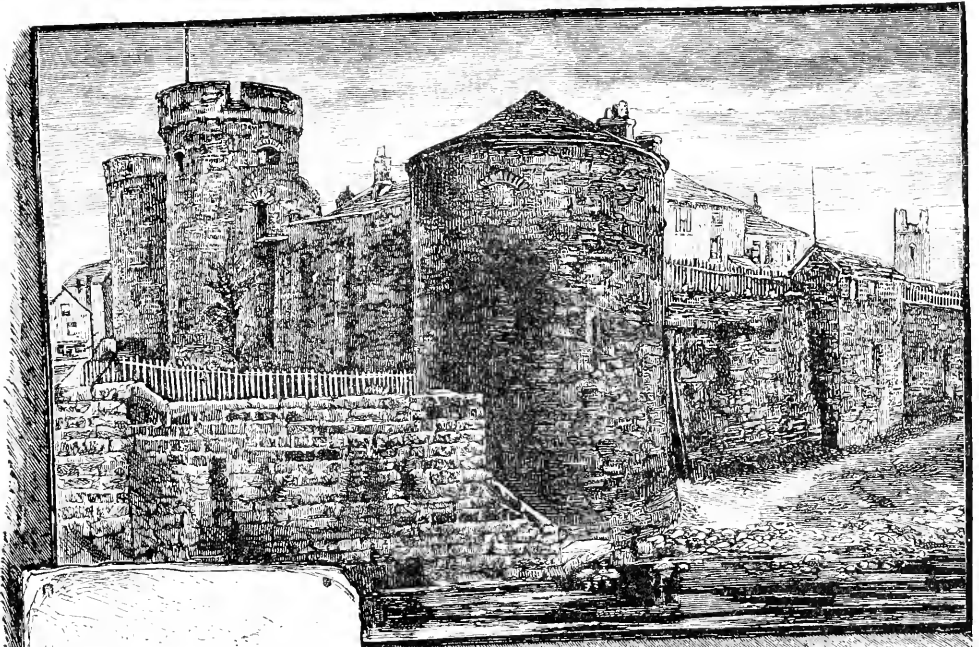


JAMES THE SEC-OND.

each man in his realm might hold the faith he chose in peace. The Earl of Tyr-con-nell was made Vice-roy. Cath-o-lics were let fight in the ar-my, plead at the bar, and take their seats in the Sen-ate. But the Prot-est-ants sent word to the Prince of Or-ange to come and take the crown. He came with a large force, and James fled to France ere he struck a blow.

The Cath-o-lic I-rish in the south were with James, but Prot-est-ant Ul-ster went with Wil-liam. Then King James made up his mind to strike a blow for his crown, so he went to Ire-land. He made Tyr-con-nell a duke, and then went to Dub-lin. He made a Par-lia-ment meet and then went to Der-ry which had gone with Wil-liam and would not yield to King James. So he went back, but left troops to starve the town out. The men of En-nis-kil-len, who were 'gainst James, too, kept up the fight with his troops so as to help the men of Der-ry. At last, in June, a fleet of ships came from En-gland with food; but the I-rish held the forts on the Foyle, and the ships could not sail up that stream. At last Kirke's troops fought their way past the forts and brought help to the men of Der-ry, who must else have thrown wide their gates to the foe in a short time. And so there was an end put to the great siege of Der-ry.

James now held his Par-li-a-ment in Dub-lin.



KING JOHN'S CAS-TLE, LIMERICK.



THE TREAT-Y STONE.

He said the Act of Set-tle-ment, for that was the name which Crom-well gave to the law which sent the Cath-o-lics to Con-naught, should be law no more. He put forth a great deal of base coin, too; that is, he said each coin should be held to be twice its real sum. But the trades folk at once put their

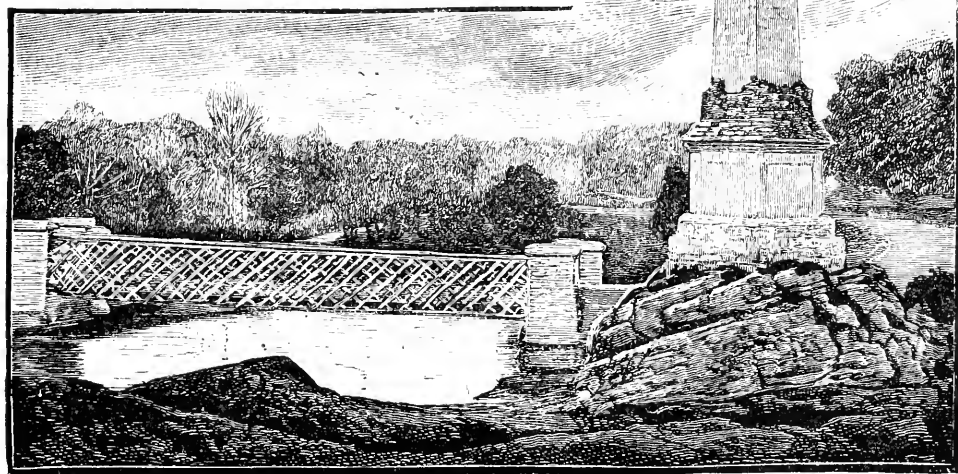
goods up to twice their real price. Mar-shal Schomberg led a great force to Ire-land to fight for the Prince of Or-ange. He went to Car-rick-fer-gus and at length took that town from the brave Mc-Car-thy More, who held it. Then Wil-liam, Prince of Or-ange, came to Ire-land. He led a great band of men, En-glish, Dutch, Scotch, Swiss and Danes. James's men were all I-rish, save a small band of French-men. On the 12th day of Ju-ly



SARS-FIELD.

the two bands met at the Boyne. Wil-liam led his men, but James staid on a hill two miles from the scene of the fight. One of the great men who led the I-rish was Pat-rick Sars-field, Earl of Lu-can. On both sides the men were most brave, but James did not know how to lead his men like Wil-liam. When the En-glish had crossed the Boyne and the I-rish made a charge on them, the En-glish gave way and James cried out: "Spare, oh spare, my En-glish-men." Long and fierce was the fight of the I-rish for their king and their faith on that day by the Boyne, but it was in vain. King James did not wait to see the I-rish flee. As soon as he saw how the fight would end he fled to Dub-lin and told La-dy Tyr-con-nell that the I-rish had brought him ru-in and beēn most swift in their

flight from the field. “Yet,” said she, with wit and truth, “your Ma-jes-ty, I see, has won the race.” James fled to France, and though the brave I-rish kept up the war, town on town was tak-en by the foe till at last they got to Lim-er-ick. Tyr-con-nell died while the I-rish sought to get the town fit to stand a charge. The foe staid at the gates of Lim-er-ick two months, and then the town had to give in for



THE BOYNE O-BE-LISK.

want of food. A three days truce was sought by the I-rish and giv-en. The great men on both sides had a talk, and at length put their names to what bears the name of the Treat-y of Lim-er-ick.

The great stone which bore the treat-y while each put his name to it, may still be seen, and bears the name of the Treat-y Stone. By the terms of this treat-y the I-rish were to march out of the town with their arms and guns to the beat of drums. They were to have free trade, to be let hold their faith in peace and have the right to bear arms and to sit in Par-lia-ment. They had but put their names to the treat-y when a fleet from France was seen off the coast, with a great store of things with which to keep up the war. But still the I-rish kept to their word, and did not break the peace they had just made. They sent back the French fleet which took with it to France a great band of I-rish-men who fought her wars and to whom the great Lou-is gave the name of “my brave I-rish.”



AN-CIENT TOMB STONE.

CHAPTER XXI.

PENAL LAWS.

BUT the treat-y of Lim-er-ick was not kept by the En-glish. Soon a law was made which said that no Cath-o-lics or Pa-pists, as their foes made up to call them, should bear arms, or have their boys and girls taught at all, or own a horse worth more than five pounds. No Pa-pist might be taught by a Prot-est-ant. This is the way things were 'neath Wil-liam's rule ; but when he died and An-ne got the crown, they grew much worse. A law was then made to make a man give all his land and coin to the child of his that would be a Prot-est-ant. None of the rest were to get aught. If a child, though too young to know aught of creeds, said he was a Prot-est-ant, he was at once tak-en from his folks and put in the care of a Prot-est-ant. It was made a law, too, that if a priest came to Ire-land and said mass, or did aught of a priest's work, he should be hung. Cath-o-lics might not buy a house, or get rent for it. If one held a farm which brought him more than one-third of the rent of it, his right came to an end, and it was given to the Prot-est-ant who had found it out. If a Cath-o-lic sought to vote, he was told he must first take an oath 'gainst the pope and the Bless-ed Sac-ra-ment.

Queen An-ne died and George I. came to the throne, but the state of the I-rish was the same. In this reign the En-glish Par-lia-ment said that it had full right to make the laws for Ire-land. The I-rish Par-lia-ment strove, but in vain; it was soon taught it was a Par-lia-ment but in name. It was let do naught but make bad, hard laws with which to crush the Cath-o-lics. At this time a man of the name of Wood had got the right, 'neath the broad seal, to coin cop-per half-pence. To do this was to flood the land with bad coin and make its poor state much worse. The I-rish Par-lia-ment did its best to keep Wood from this act, but in vain. But a great man of that day, Jon-a-than Swift, Prot-est-ant Dean of St. Pat-rick's Ca-the-dral, Dub-lin, wrote a work in

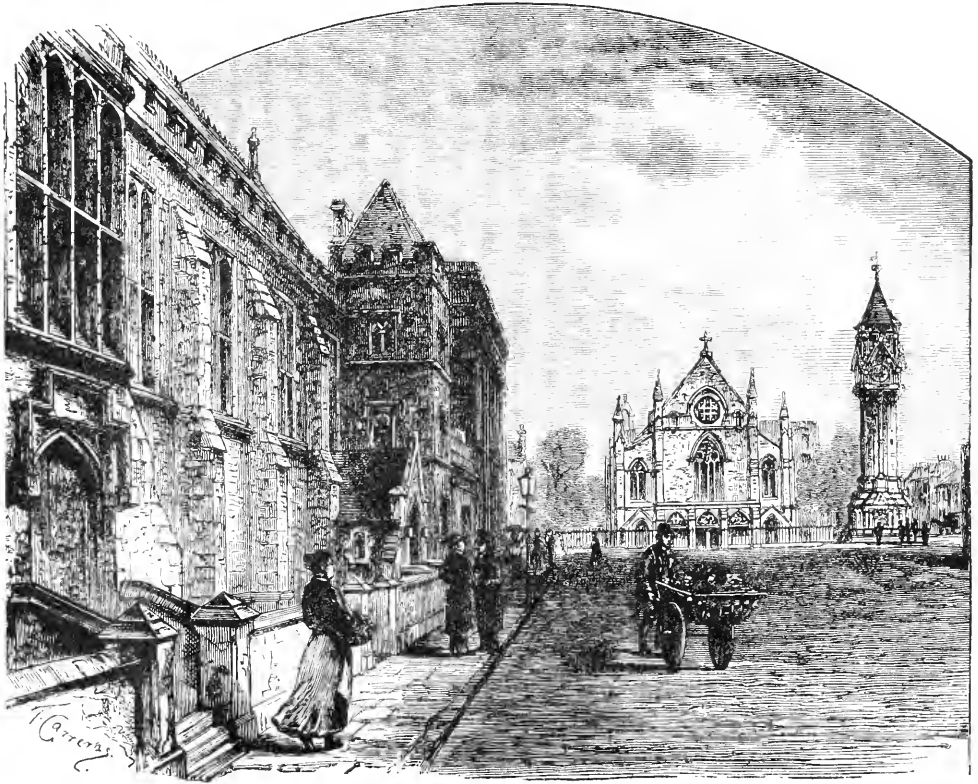


SWIFT.

which he told the Gov-ern-ment some plain truths. He did not put his name to this book, but it was so true and so strong that it did great work; it kept the bad coin from the land.

George I. died and George II. came to the throne. In his reign the Prot-est-ants got Chàr-ter schools in which Cath-o-lic boys and girls were to be taught. The land at this time was in a sad, sad

state. Through the pe-nal laws the poor folks, who were all Cath-o-lics, were left void of means to keep them-selves. They had to steal, or starve, to live.



PER-RY SQUARE, LIM-ER-ICK.

They were in doubt lest the next day should see them in their homes, so all they strove to plant and live on was the po-ta-to, which did not need much care to grow it. Fine crops would have been tak-en

from them by their harsh land-lords. In 1739 a frost made the crop bad, and great throngs of the folks died for want of food. A great band went to America, in the hope that they would find there the means to live which were kept from them at home.

In France the Irish-men who fought for the French king won the field of Fontenoy. When this fight had taken place the English made a law that if an Irish-man fought for France he should die. In Austria a band of Irish-men got each a Cross of the Legion of Honour from Maria Theresa.

Two brave men, Anthony Malone and Charles Lucas, kept on the work of Swift. The Earl of Chesterfield had the rule in Ireland at this time, and did more to win the good will of the Irish folks than those who had been in his place. But a new law was made which said that all Catholics who were wed to Protestants should be as if they had not been wed.

So fierce had the poor folks of the land been made by their wrongs that men put themselves in bands to do harm to their foes and hurt their crops and lands. These bands bore the name of the White-boys, Hearts of Steel, and Peep-o'-day Boys. Of course these men were wrong, but those who drove them to do these bad deeds were still more wrong. Not a few of these rash men were hung.

CHAPTER XXII

THE IRISH PARLIAMENT FREED.



BURKE'S HOUSE, DUB-LIN.

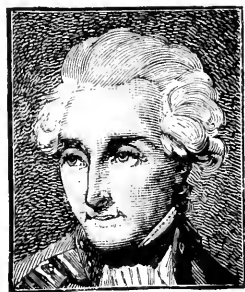
WHEN George II. died, George III. came to the throne. Soon the A-mer-i-can Col-o-nies tried to get free from En-gland. The I-rish in the En-glish Par-lia-ment said that they hoped they would do so. The I-rish House of Com-mons, that is the men in Par-lia-ment who were not peers, said they would send no troops to A-mer-i-ca. So the En-glish got the Hes-sians to go and fight for them. Of those men who put their names to the Dec-la-ra-tion of In-depend-ence, nine were I-rish-men, and it was an I-rish-man, Col-o-nel Nix-on, who first read it to the folks. The first fight on the sea took place 'neath the rule of an I-rish-man, O'Bri-en; and John Bar-ry, who bears the name of Fa-ther of the A-mer-i-can Navy, was an

I-rish-man, too. A great I-rish-man, by name of Ed-mund Burke, who wrote some of the best things in our tongue, made his voice heard for the brave men of A-mer-i-ca.



BURKE.

At last, when the folks in the States won a great fight, En-gland made the pe-nal laws a shade less hard. Cath-o-lics were let rent land or lend out coin. The folks of Bel-fast were in fear lest the French should come down on them. They sought aid from the En-glish, but got word back that there were no troops to send them, as they were all meant for A-mer-i-ca. So the men of the land put them-selves in bands, and learned how to fight, and in a short time Ire-land had a great force to send in the field. A small band of great men, Flood, Per-ry, Grat-tan, and the Earl of Char-le-mont, got En-gland to say it would look on these men as troops. Then Grat-tan sought to get free trade for the land, and, at length, got it. But this great man sought more



GRAT-TAN.

than this boon. His great aim was to have the I-rish Par-lia-ment made free from the En-glish to make its own laws and have the folks bound by naught save those laws. This great work he did, and the Par-lia-ment that he had freed at once gave him a great sum in thanks, and the king twice the sum. In the same year more pe-nal laws were made null and void.

'Neath the free Par-lia-ment, peace came back to the land, trade grew great, the Bank of Ire-land was set up, and all went well. But the brave men who did all this for Ire-land had left one thing not done—they had not got leave for Cath-o-lics to vote, hence the I-rish Par-lia-ment was but free in name, for En-gland could get bands of men who sat in the I-rish Par-lia-ment to vote as it said by bribes. Re-form now got to be the aim of the small band of I-rish-men who had done so much. But when Grat-tan tried to get some of the laws that hurt I-rish trade made null and void, he saw that En-gland had not meant to do what he had sought when she had made Ire-land free.

He found a fierce foe in Wil-liam Pitt, Earl of Chat-ham. At last, in 1793, Cath-o-lics got leave to vote through the aid of John Ke-ogh, him-self a Cath-o-lic. Par-lia-ment made a law at this time that bore the name of the Arms Act, which said

that no arms should be brought in the land. This made the large band of troops break up.

The Col-lege of May-nooth was built at this time. It is a great school for priests. In

this age there was a throng of great I-rish-men in En-gland as well as in Ire-land. Ol-i-ver Gold-smith, who wrote the Vi-car of Wake-field, Sher-i-dan, who wrote great plays and made speech on grand speech at the bar; and Bar-rett and

Bar-ry, who knew

how to paint so well, were I-rish-men. The list is far too long for me to write here, but when you grow up and read of the things that were done in all lines in these days, you will see that each art had I-rish-men who did great work for it.



STAT-UE OF BURKE.



STAT-UE OF GRAT-TAN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE UNITED IRISHMEN.



BADGE.

ERE the Cath-o-lics got leave to vote, a great throng of them had met at Dub-lin to beg Par-lia-ment to give them leave to do so. A band of Prot-est-ants went in with them to help them to get it, and so from this rose what is known as the U-ni-ted I-rish-men. Wolfe Tone was the name of the man who made this band up. Each man took an oath to make the I-rish Par-lia-ment free and just, and with the good of the land as its sole aim in all things. But some more men who had not the same pure love of their land, made up a band that took the name of Or-ange-men. These bound themselves by oath to stand by the king in all things. Pitt sent Lord Fitz-wil-liam as Vice-roy, and this gave the Par-lia-ment such joy that it at once gave a great sum and a large band of men for the French war. But as soon as Pitt got this he sent for the Vice-roy to go home.

The I-rish Par-lia-ment would not act right. It would have no re-form, coin could still buy its men to vote what they who paid it should will, and it made

laws to hurt the folks when they sought to change this state of things. At last Grat-tan, Cur-ran, Fitz-ger-ald, and some more gave up their seats in it. All this time the U-ni-ted I-rish-men had sought to make their band fit to fight for their rights. The gov-ern-ment knew this, but let them go on in the hope



FITZ-GER-ALD.

that they would wreak their own down-fall. The law of war times was made the law of the day; bands of En-glish, Scotch, and Welsh foes were brought in the land and let live where they chose, free. Caps of hot pitch were put on the heads of the poor I-rish, they got score on score of strokes from great whips, some were half hung, and more were hung till dead. No man was sure of his life.

All this time Wolfe Tone sought to get aid from



WOLFE TONE.

France to make his land free. The French had just put their king, Lou-is, to death, and it was from the men who were at the head of things in France in the king's place, that he sought help. At length he got a large force in France. The French fleet set sail for Ire-land, but did that poor land no good. Some of the ships got to Ban-try Bay and rode the waves there for a week, but a fog kept the rest of the fleet from them, and so they set sail for France once more.

Still the U-ni-ted I-rish-men got more and more men to join them. One of the best and most brave men who did so was Lord Ed-mund Fitz-ger-ald. He was gay and frank in his air and mien, and had won the love of all who knew him. He knew how to fight well, too, and this with his rank made him a great help to that brave band of men. But the En-glish who had the rule were strong and rich, and their coin paid scores of spies to find out what the I-rish had in view. The most of these spies were of a low class, but there were some, too, of fair rank in the world. One of the name of Rey-nolds, of Kil-leen Cas-tle, took his place in their ranks to play them false.

In Ar-magh the folks had to bear much at this time. The land there was strewn with what was left of their burnt homes, and scores of poor folks

sought for food and a roof in vain, nor was there aught done to the Or-ange-men for their vile work. When the French fleet had come and gone the rage grew yet more fierce 'gainst the Cath-o-lics. At last the Cath-o-lics made up a band which bore the name of De-fend-ers, but their foes gave them the name of thieves.

While sword and fire did the work of the foe in those dark days of Ire-land, Wolfe Tone was in France, where he still sought aid to break her chains. Things went on well to this end, too, at home, for the De-fend-ers took their place in the ranks of the U-ni-ted I-rish-men. When these were put in jail for the same kind of acts for which Or-ange-men got naught, Cur-ran would plead for them at the bar, of which he was a great light. Those who were at the heads of this brave band bade the folks bear their wrongs in peace till the great day should come on which to rise and turn on their foes. They were most strong in Ul-ster and in Kil-dare, West-meath, Meath and King's County. Each man who was of this band kept from strong drink, and the rows that were wont to take place at the fairs were heard of no more, so that those who were at the head of things got to think that there must be some work on foot.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WOLFE TONE SEEKS THE AID OF THE FRENCH AND DUTCH.

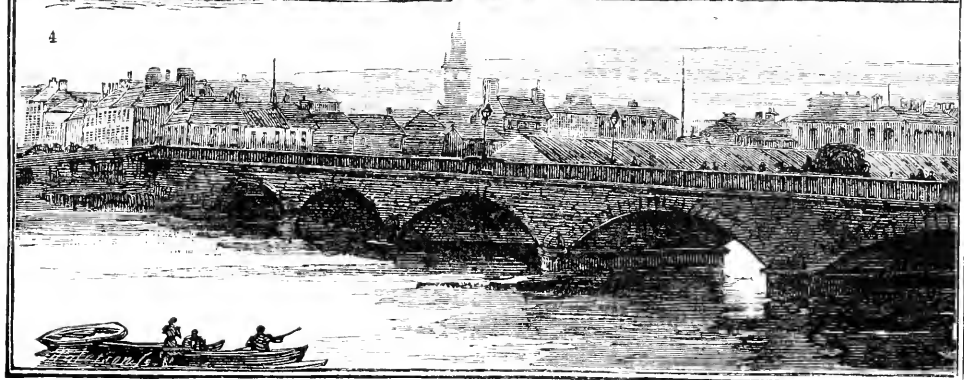
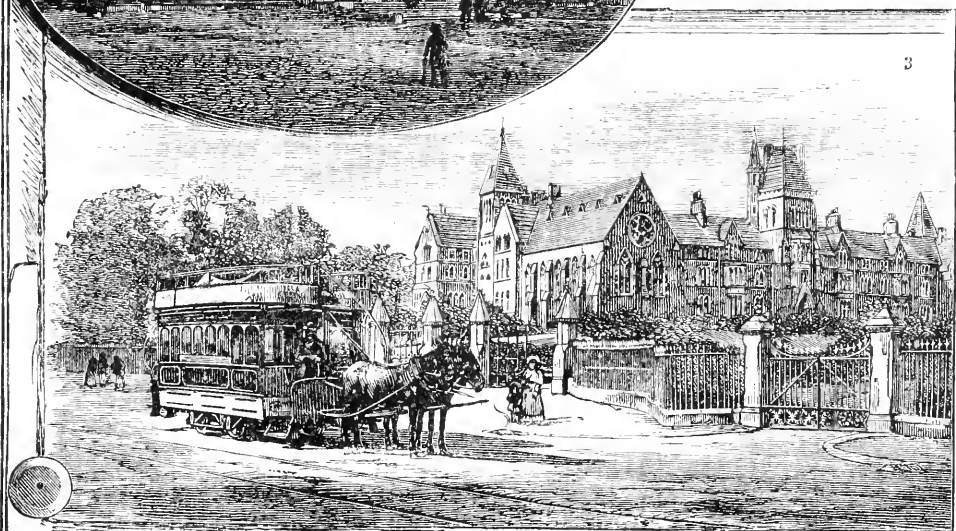
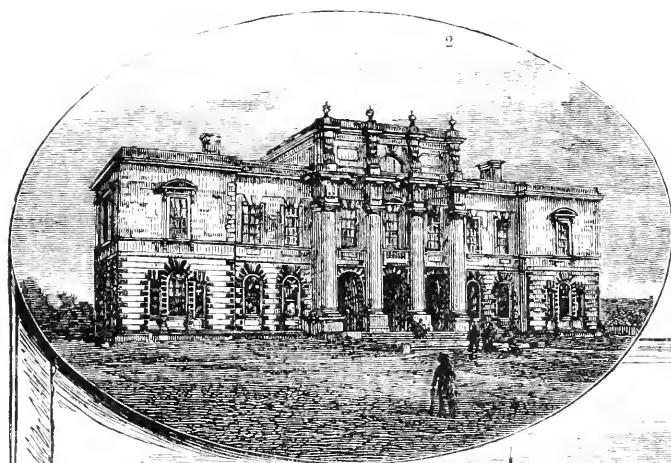
WOLFE TONE, while in France, was on the staff of Gen-e-ral Hoche (Hosh), who was most kind to him. Ar-thur O'Con-nor and Lord Ed-ward Fitz-ger-ald had been to France for aid, but things were not yet ripe, so they went back, and still no time was set. But now a man of the name of Lew-ins went to France and met with Tone, and the two went to Holland to try and raise a force. Hol-land at this time had no King, and bore the name of the Ba-ta-vi-an Re-pub-lic. It did as France did, and was the foe of En-gland, so its chief men were of a mind to risk all in this great work. But their great wish was to have the whole fame of it; they could not brook the thought of French aid. Their land was not so great as it had once been; and so they sought to do this grand work and set Ire-land free by their own selves, and so reap fame and give their land back the proud place she had once held in the ranks of the na-tions of the earth. They made Tone state the aim of the U-ni-ted I-rish-men, and when he said that it was to throw off the yoke of En-gland for good and all, and make their land great and free, they were glad to hear it. One chief

man there of the name of Van-Ley-den said he had been in Ire-land, and that, to judge from all that the rich had, and all that the poor had not, he thought that the land stood in need of a great change.

When the French Gen-er-al Hoche found out that the Dutch had so strong a wish to do the work by them-selves, he gave in like a brave, wise man, and said they might. So the I-rish sent a map that the next fleet might take care to not land on the rude, wild coasts of Bear or Ban-try. Those who sent the map said that Oys-ter Ha-ven would be the best place to land. So it was made up that Wolfe Tone should sail in the Dutch fleet with the same rank that he had held in the French. Just at this time the men on the En-glish ships broke all their rules and said they would not do their work. This strife on the En-glish ships was kept up for some weeks, and the hopes of the Dutch ran high, but then the men were brought to terms by more pay, and En-land was as strong as she had been on the sea.

But when the fleet and land force of the Dutch were fit to sail, the wind blew the wrong way, and week on week went by, and still there was naught done. Then the chief men of the Dutch spoke of En-land or Scot-land as the place to set sail for, in

the place of
Ire-land, and
Wolfe Tone's
hopes grew
dim. He set
off for France
to have a talk



VIEWS IN BEL-FAST.

PRES-BY-TE-RI-AN COLLEGE.

METH-O-DIST COL-LEGE.

QUEEN'S BRIDGE.

with Hoche, but he found that brave man near his death, which soon took place.

All at once the men who were at the head of things in Hol-land told the fleet to sail. It did so, but soon met the En-english fleet. A fierce fight took place, but the Dutch lost. The foe took ten of their ships, and so put an end to the might of the Dutch on the sea.

Tone now put all his hopes on France. He sought aid from Bo-na-parte, and for a while thought he would get it. But while he strove in strange lands the din of war was heard at home.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RISING OF 1798.

THE En-english, through their spies, had learnt all of the work of the U-ni-ted I-rish-men, and made these spies stir up the folks to fight ere the time should be ripe to do so. A man of the name of Wil-liam Orr, who was of fair rank in the world, and dwelt in Fer-ran-shane, in An-trim, was said by his foes to have giv-en the oath of the U-ni-ted I-rish-men to a man. Cur-ran, as was his wont, plead well for Orr, but to no use. He was hung at Car-rick-fer-gus.

In a short time Ar-thur O'Con-nor was put in jail with a priest in En-gland. Both were tried and the priest was hung and the O'Con-nor kept in jail.

At length the year of 1798 set in. In its first three months the men whose place it was to see that the law was kept, did all sorts of bad, hard acts to the folks of Lein-ster, and these with the aid of the troops there. The Earl of Moir-a made a great speech in the En-GLISH House of Lords to show how great were the ills of the I-rish. The cur-few, or bell to put out all lights, which Wil-liam the Con-quer-or had rung for the Sax-ons each night at eight of the clock, was rung at this time in Ire-land, and so strict were those who had it done that a man whose child lay in bad fits all through the night plead in vain for leave to keep a light in his house. If a man was thought to have arms hid in his house he was tak-en off by troops and put in jail. If he would not tell what they sought to get from him, he was made to stand with one foot on the point of a sharp stake. If his foes felt like it, they burned the man's house and goods.

But Lord Moir-a's speech did no good. So then he came to Ire-land and tried to get some change made in the state of things by the Par-li-a-ment, but his speech in Dub-lin did no more good than the one he had made in Lon-don. Lord Clare, who was

Chan-cel-lor at that time, said he knew naught of his land, for he had dwelt too long out of it.

At last the folks got to meet at night to talk of the time when they would rise and seek the arms they stood in need of. One day a band of them rode in to the town of Ca-hir, in Tip-pe-ra-ry, and took off all the arms they could find, but hurt no one. Sir Ralph Ab-er-crom-bie, who had charge of the king's troops in Ire-land, threw up his post at this time and went home, for he found that the troops were to goad the poor folks on to rage so that they would rise ere the time that had been set. Sir Ralph found that he could not make his troops hold to the strict rule that they should keep, so he went home, and Gen-e-r-al Lake took his place.

As time went on, all felt through the land as if they trod on a mine. The troops made their home in the house that they chose, and the man had to keep them free of all charge. Wex-ford now felt in its turn the harsh rule of the law of war time in a time of peace.

Though a large throng of the U-ni-ted I-rish-men were Prot-est-ants, the Or-ange-men did all they could to make out that they were all Cath-o-lics, and had no end in view save to fall on the Prot-est-ants and kill them. If one were to go in the street with a bit of green on his hat or dress, or

were to go with short hair, he got the name of Crop-py, or foe to the men who held the rule in the land. So those who strove to make the land free would seize some of their foes and cut their hair short in the hope that they would be tak-en as foes by those on their own side and get the cap of pitch which they kept for Crop-pies.

While this was the state of things, a band of I-rish Cath-o-lic lords and Bish-op Hus-sey, the head of the great school for priests at May-nooth, wrote to those who had made a league to get the land free, and said that they were reb-els to the king.

The plan of the U-ni-ted I-rish-men was to rise all at once through the land. For each mail-coach to stop on a night in May was to be the sign, and they were to seize Dub-lin Cas-tle.

But three days ere the time had come, a band of troops went to the house where Lord Ed-ward Fitz-ger-ald was hid, to take him. One man ran up the stairs and in to the room where he lay on the bed. The man went to the bed and told him to get up and go with him to jail. But Lord Ed-ward tried to fire off his small gun, which would not go; so he drew a knife and gave his foe a stab. Then a man came in to help his foe, and then one more of the name of Sirr. So to these three foes Lord Ed-ward had to give in at last, for one had dealt

him a bad wound, of which he died the next month.

When the heads of the U-ni-ted I-rish-men had been all put in jail, there was of course no one left to tell the men what to do. Still they tried to do their best. They rose first in Lein-ster, but were beat by the king's troops, though they fought hard. When they were beat they were dealt with in a fierce, hard way. On the next day they rose in Car-low, when the mail-coach did not come. But they were beat in a short time here, too, and a great band of them shot or hung. In Meath and Kil-dare they were soon put down, in fact in a few days there was no need for the troops to fight at all. But at a place which bore the name of the Gib-bet Rath, in Kil-dare, which had once been a fort of the Danes, a great throng said they would give up their arms and keep the peace. But Sir James Duff led a great force on them, and slew them in cold blood. In a few days a great throng was slain too, at the Hill of Tar-a, in Meath. At last the flame of war broke out in Wex-ford. Up to this time the priests had done their best to make the folks bear their wrongs in peace, and wait for God to work some change in His good time. But on Whit-Sun-day, the King's troops burnt the small church at Bou-la-vogue. The priest there, whose

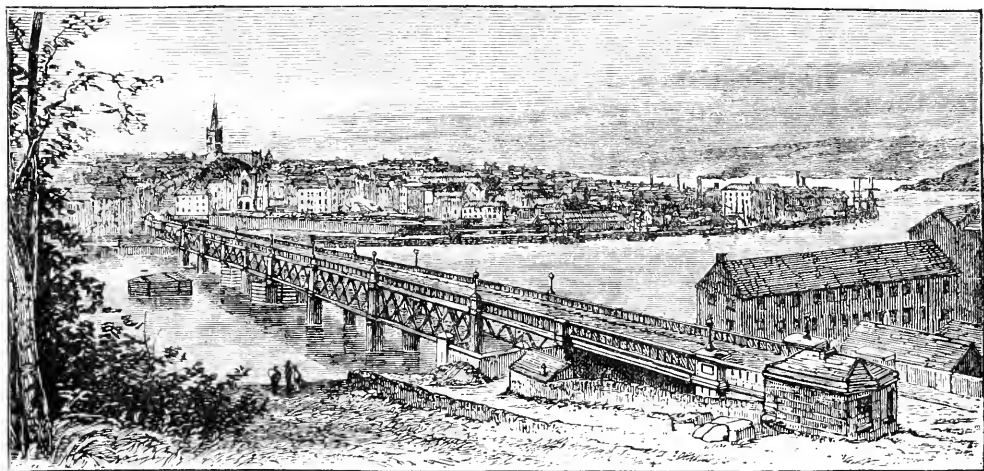
name was John Mur-phy, who had up to this time tried to turn the men from their wish to fight, now put him-self at their head on this hard blow, led them to En-nis-cor-thy, and took that town. They made their camp on Vin-e-gar Hill, out-side of the town. The troops there fled in great fear. Some of the Prot-est-ants who were thought to hold with the U-ni-ted I-rish-men had been put in jail. They now got free, and one of them of the name of Har-vey, took the lead of the I-rish.

CHAPTER XXVI.

END OF THE WAR.

A LARGE force of the king's troops led by Loft-us now went to Wexford. He got New Ross from the I-rish, but would not have got it if the I-rish had not got too much strong drink, and had but done what their chiefs told them. They slew a band of men who had been tak-en by them. This vile act was done to match the acts that had been done by the foe. John Mur-phy, the brave priest, was slain at Car-low. Har-vey gave up his post as chief, and the I-rish chose Phil-ip Roche, who was a priest too, to take his place. Those foes whom they took they put in jail, but one of the name of Dix-on, who had

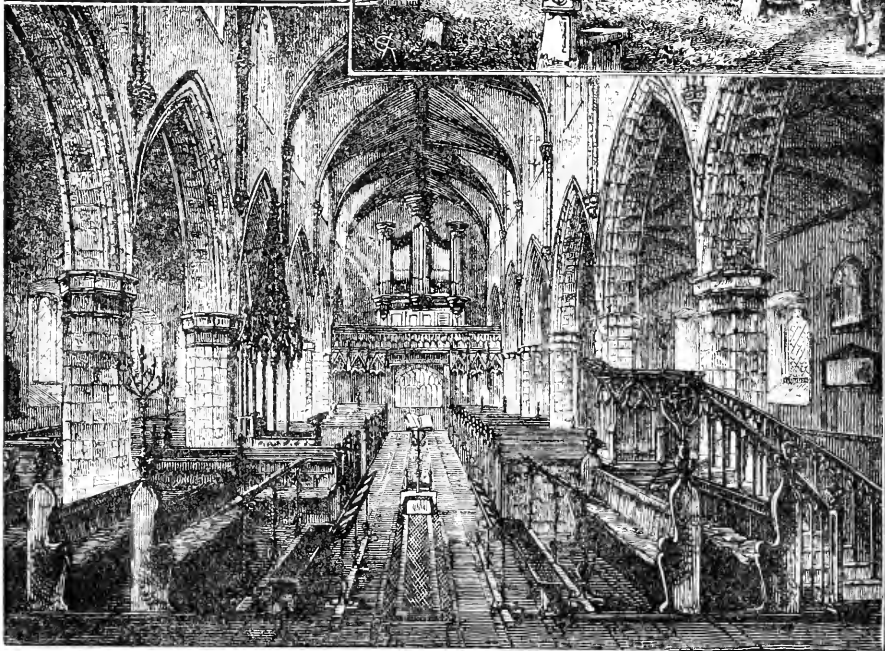
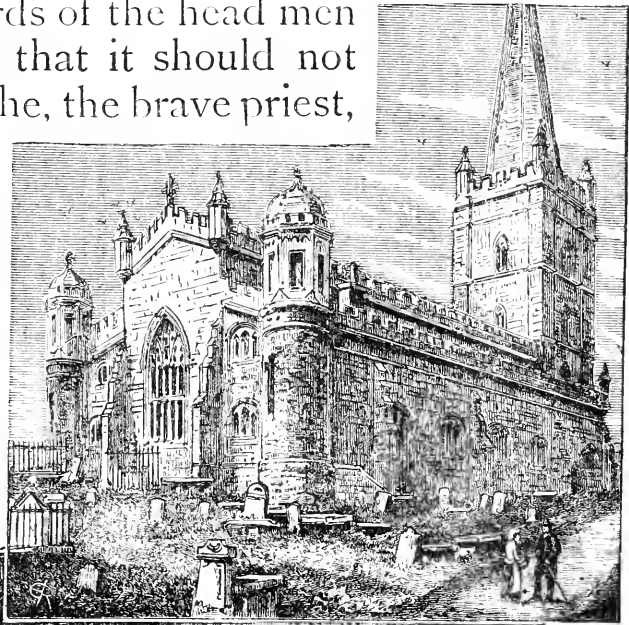
a thirst for their blood, took a great throng of them to the bridge in the town, and, with the aid of some more as vile as him-self, made out to try them, and then ran pikes in to some of them and threw them in to the stream. A priest ran to the spot in time to save the rest. The king's troops now sought with all their might to take the camp on Vin-e-gar



LON-DON-DER-RY.

Hill, and at last took it, for the I-rish had no more stuff with which to load their guns. The king's troops now did some more bad deeds. The house in which lay the men who had got wounds was set fire to, and the sick men shot in their beds. The bridge of Wex-ford, where a priest had made the I-rish spare their foes, was now a scene of blood

in spite of the words of the head men on the king's side that it should not be so. Phil-ip Roche, the brave priest, was put to death at once. John Red-mond, a good priest who had naught to do with the U-nited I-rish-men, but had sought to turn men from



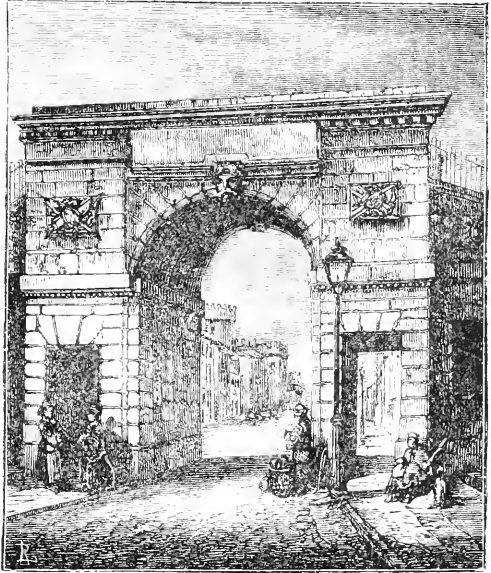
LON-DON-DER-RY CA-THE-DRAL AND ITS IN-TE-RI-OR.

that league, had kept Lord Mount-mor-ris and some of his friends from hurt by them. He could do this, for the I-rish would do what a good priest bade them, though he were friend or foe to them. But now, his foes said he must have been of their band or he could not have done it; and so they hung him.

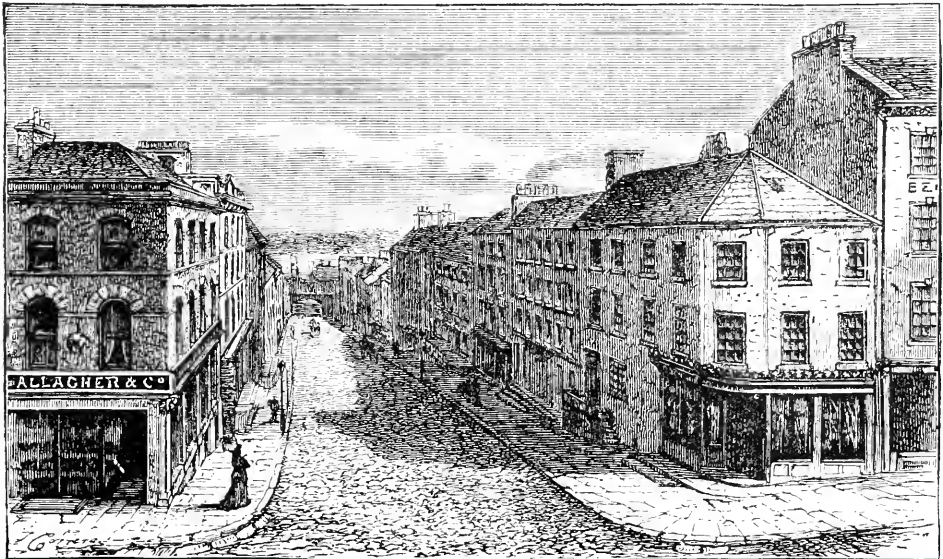
In An-trim, the I-rish were led by Hen-ry Mc-Crack-en. They were beat and their chief hung. Soon Lord Corn-wal-lis was sent to Ire-land to take charge of the land. The next month a truce was made, and the great mass of the U-ni-ted I-rish-men were let leave the land, but quite a band of them was hung. Cur-ran plead hard for these men when they were tried, though this was by no means a safe work. Once as he spoke his voice was lost in a clash of arms. "What is that?" he said, with a stern look, and then said some thing more, the sense of which was that they might kill him, but could not fright him.

The town of Dub-lin was now 'neath the rule of three men who bore the name of the three Ma-jors. Sirr, Swan and San-dys. They had a vile lot of men who did their work for them. These dwelt in a house near Kil-main-ham jail, that bore the name of Stag House, and the yard of it, the Stag yard. San-dys kept the Prev-ot jail in the Roy-al Bar-racks. It was a close, dark place, full of bad smells,

and he sold more air, more food, and more light to those who could pay for them. The court in the rear of the Roy-al Ex-change was a place where the I-rish were beat with great whips, or made stand with one foot on the point of a sharp stake, or had caps of pitch put on their heads to



BISH-OP'S GATE, LON-DON-DER-RY.



STREET IN LON-DON-DER-RY.

make them tell all they knew of the men on their side.

At this time, too, each man had to put on his front door a list of all who dwelt in his house ; yet this did not save him from the troops, who went in a house if they felt like it, and would then say vile things to those in it, and take off rich plate. Three of the U-ni-ted I-rish-men were shut up in Fort George, a strong place in Scot-land.

In this time of woe Par-lia-ment sat from time to time. There were some men in it who held that it would be well for Ire-land to have no Par-lia-ment, but let the En-glish one make laws for her. These were men who sought to please the En-glish.

As for Wolfe Tone, who was still in France, he sought hard to get the French to send a force to his land. But things were not well in France at this time. Bo-na-parte was in a far off land, and there was no real head to things there. At last Gen-er-al Hum-bert led a small force which made the coast of Con-naught. They went on shore at Kil-lal-a, and at once took that small town. But they hurt no one who gave in to them, and did no harm to the homes or the rich things in them. They went on to Bal-lin-a, and when they took that town they hung a green flag o'er the gate to get the I-rish to join them. But the French had no cash.

They said it would come from France in a day or two, and in the mean time they gave notes to pay for all they got. In a short time they went on to Cas-tle-bar, where a large force led by Lake, met them and was beat by them. The king's troops fled to Tu-am and from thence to Ath-lone. So quick was their flight that it still bears the name in that part of the land of the "race of Cas-tle-bar." So the French gave a ball in that town to its fair dames that same night.

At length Lord Corn-wal-lis set out to meet the French with a great force. But he found the French had gone on to the Shan-non. They went to Bal-lin-tra to cross it, and so close on their heels were the king's troops that they could not break down the bridge at that town as they had a wish to do. Lord Corn-wal-lis came to the same side of the stream as the French were, at Car-rick-on-Shan-non. He caught the French at Saint-Johns-town. A fierce fight took place, but the French had too small a force by far and were beat. The same fierce acts were done that had been done as soon as each fight was won. Some were hung, some were shot, and homes were burnt. Ere the bad news had got to France, a fleet of nine ships set off for Ire-land. On one of its ships was Tone. It made for the far north coast, but met with bad winds,

which made the ships part. At last the chief of the fleet found him-self with but four of his ships off the bay of Loch-Swil-ly. Ere he could get in it with his ships, though, he saw a sign made to him to stop from the head ship of an En-glish fleet. The French-man knew that all was lost for his own ship, for she was large and not made to sail fast. So he made up his mind to fight for his flag, though his fight were vain. But he sent word to all the rest of his ships to sail off. One ship, by name the Biche (Bish), which in French means hind, was light and swift, and had the best chance to get off. She sent a boat to the chief ship of the fleet, to beg Tone to go on board and get off. "What! and have it said I fled while the French fought for my land!" He would not stir. The Biche got off safe. The Hoche (Hosh), on which Tone was, stood the fire of the whole En-glish fleet for six hours. At last she struck her flag, when she was naught save a wreck. Tone fought like one who had no hope, but was not slain. At last, when the foe took the ship, he was not known for aught save a French-man, so much had he grown to act, and talk and look like one. It was thought that he lay in the heaps of slain, for it was known he had been on board. When the French were made march to Let-ter-ken-ny, Tone went in their ranks, still not

known. Lord Cav-an had them to take a meal with him at his house. Sir George Hill, who had been at school with Tone, went there to see if he could find him out. He went in the room where Tone sat in the midst of the French and knew him at once. He went up to him and said, "Mr. Tone, I am most glad to see you." Wolfe Tone at once rose and said in a calm way, "Sir George, I am glad to see you," and then went on to ask for his wife and all his near kin. For this work, Sir George Hill got a large sum from the crown. When Tone went in to the next room, he found troops to take him off. When he saw that they were to place hand-cuffs on him, he flung off the coat that the French troops wear, for he said he would not wear it with those vile things on him. The troops took him to Dub-lin, where he was at once tried. In court he was calm and strong, so much so that his foes could not keep their praise from him. Though he was high in rank in the French ar-my, and so should have been shot, as is the rule, he was told he would be hung in two days' time. Cur-ran tried hard to save him on this plea, but in vain. Tone knew that it would be in vain, so he cut his throat and lay in great pain for more than six days, and then died with no friend near him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE UNION—ROBERT EMMET.



ROBERT EMMET.

IRELAND had now been brought to the last stage of woe, and it was thought by her foes that the times were now fit to talk of the Union of the two lands. Pitt, who was the chief man in England at this time, had set his heart on this plan, and made up his mind to bring it to pass at all cost. The great part of the Irish had naught but hate for this plan, and said so as far as they dare. So to get

the work done, scores of bribes had to be dealt out on all sides. Each class of men were told they would have what they sought most if they would help to get the work done. The boon of E-man-ci-pa-tion was held out to Cath-o-lics, that is, the same rights in all things as Prot-est-ants. Those

at the bar were told they would get high rank, the poor folks were told that their work would fetch fine sums, and so the work went on. Grat-tan was not in Ire-land at this time, and so the poor land was left with-out his aid in her great need.

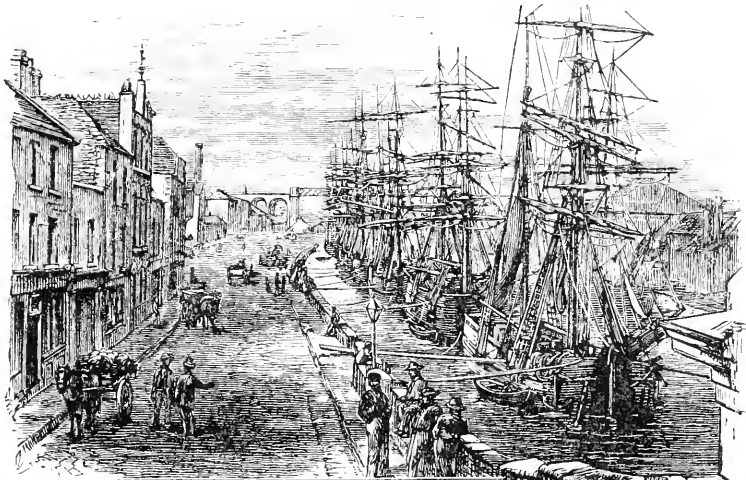
At length the last night came on which the Par-lia-ment of Ire-land was to meet. Pitt had done his work well, and the foes of the Un-ion had had to yield. Great throngs were in the House, but none bore an air of ease; all felt that a great, and some that a most sad, time had come. The Bill for the un-ion of the Par-lia-ments of Great Brit-ain and Ire-land was read for the third time, as each bill must be read three times ere it is made law. It was done, and then those who sat in Par-lia-ment were told to say yes or no to it, as they thought it should be law or not. There were more ayes than noes, so the head man said out loud, "The ayes have it;" and so Pitt's work was done, and Ire-land had a Par-lia-ment no more. This was in the year 1800, and from that time the gold Harp of Ire-land has had its place on the flag of En-gland.

The sum that it had cost the En-GLISH to put down the late war was put on to the debt of Ire-land. This had scarce been made a law ere those Cath-o-lics who had been of help to the work, in

the hope of their E-man-ci-pa-tion, found that they had been the dupes of the En-glish. Pitt well knew when he had put forth that hope to the Cath-o-lics that it was a vain one. The king, George III., was far from bright, and could not be brought to see that such a step as to grant the Cath-o-lics the same rights as Prot-est-ants would not harm these last in some way. But Pitt was a wise man and knew a vast deal of state craft. His post as chief man in the State grew to be a hard one at this time. So he gave it up, and said he did so for naught save that the king would not let him keep his word to the Cath-o-lics. The first act, in truth, of the U-ni-ted Par-lia-ment was to make null and void all laws save the law of war time, in Ire-land. It was said that there were still some who had a wish to keep up the war there. And so the land laws, which were the real cause of Ire-land's woe, were left as they had been. The Prot-est-ant Church, which in the time of E-liz-a-beth had been made the Church of the land, had to be kept up by the Cath-o-lics. This, to say the least, was a queer thing, as you must see, for the folks of the land were of the old faith, and would not go in or have aught to do with a Prot-est-ant Church, and yet they were made keep it up by their foes, and give their means to do so.

At this time France and En-gland, which had

been at war, made peace, but the peace was kept but a short time. War broke out once more, and Pitt once more got to be the chief man in the realm. But he said



DROG-HE-DA DOCKS.

naught of the rights of Cath-o-lics, and I dare say did not think aught of them, for he had great plans to work out.

In this first year of the Union Ire-land felt

great want. The crops were far from what they ought to have been, and so want and woe were felt in the land. The fair hopes that had been held out to those in trade came to naught, and her great debt hung round Ire-land's neck like a mill stone.

Ar-thur O'Con-nor, Thom-as Ad-dis Em-met and Rob-ert Em-met were at this time in France. Rob-ert Em-met was a man with a great soul, which the sight of his land's great wrongs made burn with a wish to set her free. He met more men like himself, who, though it might be rash, could not see her bear her fierce wrongs, and keep still. They made a plan to make one great spring at the Cas-tle of Dub-lin, and get it in their hands. Em-met went to Ire-land, and soon got a good stock of arms hid in a safe place in Dub-lin. While he was in that town old Mr. Em-met died, but his son Rob-ert durst not go to his home, for he did not wish it to be known that he was in Ire-land. But one week and a few days had to go by ere the time to rise, when one night a store of the stuff that is put in the guns to fire them, went off with a loud noise. Ma-jor Sirr went at once to the house from whence the noise came, but ere he got there the friends of Em-met had hid the rest of the stuff and the arms.

When the day came which had been set, Em-met and his friends could not make up their minds to

the same plan. Some thought the time was not ripe to rise, and some thought it was. But Em-met made up his mind to go on with the work. His plan was for the men from Wex-ford, Kil-dare and Wick-low to join at a house on the Coal Quay, Dub-lin, and go from thence, led by him, to the Cas-tle. But spies met the Kil-dare men as they came in, and told them that Em-met had made up his mind not to rise that night. The Wex-ford men came in but did not get the sign that they were to have had, and so did naught to help. The man who was sent to tell the Wick-low men, by whom Em-met had set great store, did not go, and so of course they did not come at all. When eight of the night came, the hour that had been set, Em-met found that he had but a small, small part of the force that was to have been led by him. As he thought on what steps were best to take, a man, no doubt a spy, ran in and said the king's troops were hard by. At once Em-met made up his mind to lead his men on to the Cas-tle, and so meet death in that way. But this poor boon, to die with his arms in his hands, was not to be this brave man's.

He had but a rude, queer sort of force to lead out, some of whom were drunk. With a sad heart he went on his way, a friend at his side. Soon the

men in the rear threw off all rule and did mad acts. A coach drove through the street just then, and these wild men, who had flung to one side all rule of their brave chief, and were naught but a mad mob, got round it and made it stand still. The coach held Lord Kil-war-den, Chief Judge of the King's Bench, and a wise, good man. He thought if they knew who he was they would do him no harm, so he said out loud, "It is I, Kil-war-den, Chief Judge of the King's Bench." The words had scarce left his lips when one of the mob ran to him and thrust a pike in-to him. They then took him out of the coach and gave him more wounds, and then left him all but dead in the street. A young girl, one of his most near kin, was left in the coach till one of the chief of the mob took her by the hand and led her to a house near by. Bad as they were, they said or did naught to her; but a young man, one of the judge's kin, too, though not so near as the young girl, was put to death. The young girl went on foot to the Castle and told there the dire news, and help was sent at once. The judge was found in the street, still not dead. Kind hands took him up and bore him to the watch house.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DEATH OF EMMET—HARD TIMES.

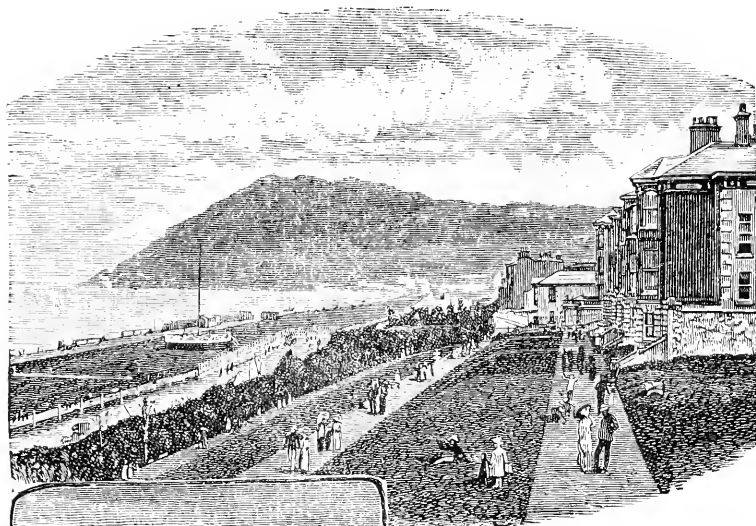
WHEN word was brought to Em-met of this black deed he went back to the scene of it and saw for himself. From that time he gave up all hope of his work. He could do naught with a mob whose aim was to steal and kill, so he and his few true friends fled. The king's troops soon put down the mob, and so all was once more lost. Yet the Wexford men were in wait all this time 'neath the rule of Miles Byrne, for word which was not sent to them.

Em-met went to Rath-farn-ham, and from thence to the hills of Wick-low, where he found bands of men who had got all things fit to fight. But Em-met, who had lost all hope, told them to think no more of such a thing; that there was not the least hope that it would turn out well, or do aught save cause blood to be shed.

His friends then plead with Em-met to leave the land and go to France, but Em-met would not do this till he had seen once more a young girl who was most dear to him. This was Sa-rah Cur-ran, whose sire, John Phil-pot Cur-ran, had plead so hard at the bar to save the U-ni-ted I-rish-men when they

were tried. So he went back to his old place in town, and there the king's troops found him and took him at once to jail. He was tried, and made a grand speech which has been read, no doubt, by all who speak our tongue. Some day you will read it too, and see that to a brave man who loves his land and sees her in chains, death is naught when hope is dead. In this speech he said he did not wish aught put on his tomb till his land had tak-en her place 'mid the na-tions of the earth. Mrs. Em-met died while her son was in jail. On the day that the news of her death was told to him, he was hung. He was calm and strong to the end, and his tomb lies with the white, smooth stone still blank, for his land is not yet free.

A great throng of grand, brave men had now been hung in the space of a few years, and it was thought by her foes that Ire-land would now give up all hope and be in peace. To make the peace kept, though, all sorts of harsh acts were done once more, the law of war was put in force once more, and each judge went his rounds with a guard of troops. A throng of Cath-o-lics of high rank and the Arch-bish-ops of Dublin and Ar-magh wrote to Lord Hard-wicke, who was then Vice-roy, and told him that they held with the king, and had naught but hate for the men who had



BRAY HEAD, WICK-LOW.

done the late vile acts, and that great as their wish was to have the same rights as the Prot-est-ants, they had done, and

would do, naught to get them save through the just way of Par-lia-ment.

This act on their part was brought to pass by a fear lest they might be thought to have had a share in the base acts of the mob who slew Lord Kil-war-den. When Lord Hard-wicke spoke to them to thank them for what they had said to him, he said not a word as to their great wish to get their rights and have a share in the con-sti-tu-tion.

In the fall of this year, though but four-score of men had been in the lead of Ém-met, all the jails were as full as they could be. The state of these were such as to make death a boon. In Bel-fast no one dare go out of his house when once eight of the night had struck, and in Cork a list had to be put on the main door of all who dwelt in the house. The same rule was in force in Dub-lin. The troops sought in each house for arms. At this time Thom-as Ad-dis Ém-met, and Ar-thur O'Con-nor sought to get the French to help them once more. Miles Byrne had got safe out of Dub-lin and got to France. There was at this time such a troop of I-rish-men in France that Bo-na-parte made them in-to a troop which bore the name of the I-rish Legion. There were none else to serve in it save the sons of I-rish-men who had been born in France. This brave troop went to a small town on the French coast till the time should come for them to be led to Ire-land, as Bo-na-parte had said they should be, for he was to give a large force of his own to free Ire-land. Here as the days went by these brave men would look o'er the blue sea, and think they could see the crests of the hills of their own dear land.

But the hope that Bo-na-parte had held out to them came to naught. The fleet that rode the sea

in sight of them went off to fight where there was call for it, and Ire-land got no help. The I-rish Le-gion was sent to the Rhine and from thence to Hol-land, where it at least got a chance to fight the En-glish, though not for its own rights. Thom-as Ad-dis Em-met, when he found there was no hope, went to New York and rose there to hold the first rank at the bar. Three years had now gone by since the Un-ion, and the land was much the worse for it. Dub-lin, in the days when it was the town where the laws were made, had been a fine, brisk town, with row on row of grand homes where the men who were in Par-lia-ment dwelt while in town. The White House at Wash-ing-ton was built to match one of these, the Duke of Lein-ster's. A gay life went on in these fine homes, and this was good for trade. But with the Un-ion a sad change came. The rich men left the land to go to Lon-don, and took their wives and their young girls with them. The fine homes stood with no sign of life in them, and so trade grew dull and the debt of the land grew great and brought tax on tax to pay it, which yet could not do so. The great Doc-tor John-son had said to an I-rish-man when there was first talk of the Un-ion, "Do not u-nite with us, sir ; we shall rob you."

His words were but too true. Though the

Un-ion made the two lands the same, and gave Ire-land the same rights to make a trade with far lands, the right did her no good. She had got it too late. En-gland had made her trade; for long years she had brought things that there is great need for from far lands, and sent the things that were made at home to the lands where there was need of them. She had all best the things with which to make the goods she sent out, and fine ships to take them. Ire-land had none of these things, and what was worse, no cash to get them. There was but one way for her to get cash too, and that was to put a high tax on all things that came in to her ports, and thus make them so dear that the folks could not buy them, and would have to trust to things made in their own land. This would make Ire-land sure to have her goods bought, and so give those who were in trade good heart to go on. But the Un-ion made it a law that Ire-land should put no tax on the goods En-gland sent to her ports, and so this gave En-gland what we call a mar-ket for her goods in Ire-land, and put down all hope of trade there. So it was as if a man's foes were to cut off his legs and then give him leave to walk. Those of high rank, too, who had gone out of Ire-land, took their rents and spent them in En-gland.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

WHEN Bo-na-parte got the crown of the French put on his head by the Pope, the foes of Ire-land tried to raise a great storm to hurt the Cath-olics. They said that Bo-na-parte would bring all his troops and take En-gland, and do all he could to hurt the Prot-est-ants.

Mr. Pitt was once more the chief man in En-gland, and so the I-rish Cath-olics had kept in their hearts the hope that he would grant them the rights which they had sought so long. But Pitt had no such thought in his heart; he felt not the least wish to make them the same in the land as the Prot-est-ants round them.

They met time on time to talk of what was best to do to bring this to pass, but in the end they found all their talk and all their steps were of no use, though they had a band of men of high rank to speak for them in Lon-don. Mr. Pitt was most kind to these men, and said all sorts of kind words for the kind words they said to him, but "No" to the boon they sought, though they said that Par-liament need not grant it at once, that they would wait for a while till he thought the time would be more

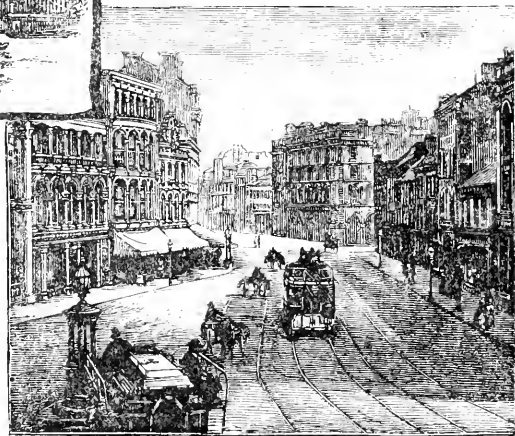
fit. When they found that they could not move him from this "No," they went to Charles James Fox, a great man in that part of the Par-li-ament known as the Com-mons, where the men sit who are

not of high rank but are sent by the vote of the folks of the land to speak there for them. Fox said he would try and see what could be done



DON-E-GAL PLACE, BELFAST.

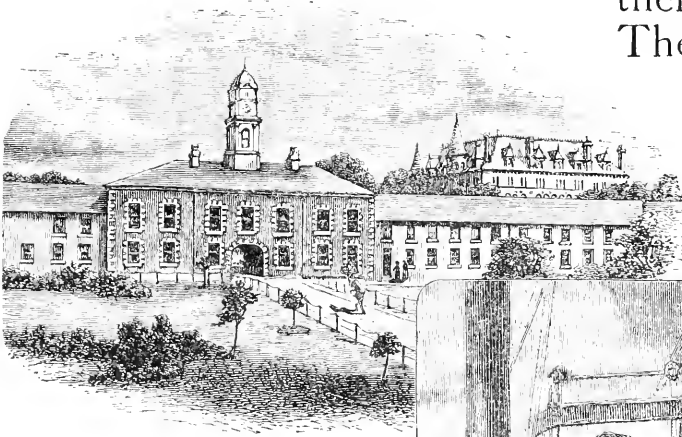
for them in his part of Par-li-ament, and one of the lords said he would speak of it in the House of Lords. He did so, but did naught but raise a storm of hard words.



CAS-TLE PLACE, BEL-FAST.

In the Com-mons Fox spoke of it, and spoke well. He said it was more than they should hope for that the I-rish Cath-o-lics should try to keep up and fight for a Con-sti-tu-tion which could not give

them their rights.
The one who next
got up was a
foe to the
Cath-o-lics.
He said all



LIN-EN HALL, BEL-FAST.

sorts of stuff of the Cath-o-lic Church. I am sure you will laugh when you hear that he said, if a Cath-o-lic swore to God, that is, took an oath, to do so and so or not to do so and so, that a priest could fix things so as to make it no crime for him to break his oath if he had the wish to do so; just as if a Cath-o-lic held that a priest could make things right or wrong.



FAC-TO-RY HANDS.

Grat-tan then rose and made a great speech for the Cath-o-lics. But it was of no use. The Bill was put down here as it had been in the House of Lords, and its foes were in hopes they had heard the last of it for good and all.

The next year the Duke of Rich-mond was sent to Ire-land as Vice-roy. Sir Ar-thur Wel-les-ley, who in time beat Na-po-le-on as the Duke of Wel-ling-ton was his chief man. Those who bore the name of Or-ange-men now held high posts in the land, and did not spare the Cath-o-lics.

But a great man now rose up for the Cath-o-lics. His name was Dan-iel O'Con-nell. He was born in the same year that saw the A-mer-i-cans take up arms to free their land from En-glish rule. Do you know which year that is? He was of the great clan of O'Con-nell which had their home on the Shan-non in the days of old, ere the En-glish had set foot on I-rish ground. Ray-mond, the son-in-law of Strong-Bow, drove them from thence to the wilds of Ker-ry. The O'Con-nells had clung to the old faith all through their line, and so of course had been kept from fame and wealth. Dan-iel O'Con-nell was sent to a great school in France. He saw the sad scenes there when the poor and those of low rank rose up to strike down those who had ground them to the earth so long, and they



BORN 1775.

DAN-IEL O'CON-NELL.

DIED 1847

were scenes of such strife and blood as to make him keep all his life from aught that would lead to the like scenes in his own land. When he came from France to his own land he tried to get a place at the bar, but who would trust his case to a young man whose faith would be sure to keep him from the right of fair play in court? No one, to be sure, and so he sat in his room with no case. But he had all the more time to learn the things in law that it was best for him to know, and made him fit to give most help to the poor folks. When there was first talk of the Union he put it down in a fine speech, but the troops ran in ere he was through, and he could say no more.

But he had got known by this time, and the I-rish felt that he, at least, was a friend to them and a man who would speak well to their foes. At this time, in Don-er-aile, a Prot-est-ant had tried to hunt out some men that he thought had a wish to rise and put down those who had the rule. This act, for which he had no cause at all, brought down on him the rage of some poor men who fought him with arms. He caught one of them, who was hung, but the rest got off. Then a man, who was of a class that made cash out of such base deeds, came to him and told him the names of some

fine men who held good farms in that part of the land, as the men who had done the deed. The word of this wretch had might to have these poor, good men torn from their kin and thrust in jail. A great throng told in court how good these men were, they swore they knew naught of the crime, but all in vain. The twelve men who tried them said that, so far as they could see, these men had done the deed, and the judge told them they must die in six days. Their friends had but one hope, and that was in O'Con-nell's aid. He was a long way off from there, but a man of the name of Burke said he would bring him to the scene. That night he took the best horse to be found in Cork and set off. He rode hard all night, and at nine o'clock in the morn was at Der-ry-nane Ab-bey, where O'Con-nell was. He told his tale of woe, and at once that great man said he would go and try to save the poor men. So wild was his joy that O'Con-nell could scarce make Burke rest for a few hours ere he set out for home. Scouts had been put on his road to learn if it were true that the great man would come, and when Burke would call out to these "O'Con-nell will come," a wild cheer rose in hope and thanks.

O'Con-nell set off post haste, as he had said he would do, and at the time that had been set was

in the court. He had got naught to eat on his road, so he got leave to have some food brought to him in court, which he ate while the man who was for the Crown made a speech to show that the men had done the deed. All at once O'Con-nell said, with his mouth full: "That's not law." It was found to be as he had said, so that was the first gain for the poor men. The man for the Crown went on with his speech, but O'Con-nell made out to trip him up two or three times. At last the man lost his wits and spoke of *false facts*, at which O'Con-nell burst in-to a loud laugh. Of course you know that a thing to be a fact must be true ; it would be no fact else ; so that there can be no such thing as a false fact. O'Con-nell then spoke to those who had told what was not true, and made all see that they had lied. He won the day for the men who were tried that day, and they were set free, and those who were to have been hung were sent to a far land and put in jail there, as a great boon. Such deeds as these were sure to gain him the love of the I-rish, we may be sure.

In 1810 O'Con-nell came to the front and led the Cath-o-lics. The cry in the land was now for the Un-ion to end, and this was known as Re-peal. But it was a hard thing to get it done, for though great and wise men have done their best to bring it

to pass, the Un-ion is in force in our own day. O'Con-nell knew that there was but small hope to win in this, so he thought of naught just then but how to bring E-man-ci-pa-tion to pass—that is, get the Cath-o-lics their rights.

Just at this time King George III. went out of his mind, and the Prince of Wales got to be Re-gent, that is, one who takes charge when the king is not fit to have the rule for some cause. The hopes of the Cath-o-lics rose high once more, for it was the king who could not be brought to grant their rights. But their hope was vain. Though the prince had said that as soon as he got the rule he would do all he could to give the Cath-o-lics their rights, he did not keep his word. He broke the pledge that he had made the Cath-o-lics, through the Duke of Bed-ford, whom he told to tell them not to strive to get heard in Par-li-a-ment, but to leave it to him, their good friend. He took for his chief man one Per-ce-val, whose cry was “No pop-e-ry,” which meant “No rights for the Cath-o-lics.”

But O'Con-nell did not draw back. He put forth a new sheet, and said such bold, frank things in it as to let all friends and foes see that a new hand was at work. Soon Rob-ert Peel came to Ire-land. He was a wise man, and as Sec-re-ta-ry

of State there, put him-self to learn all he could of the land. But this did the land no good. He put more men on the po-lice, and these got the name of Peel-ers.

CHAPTER XXX.

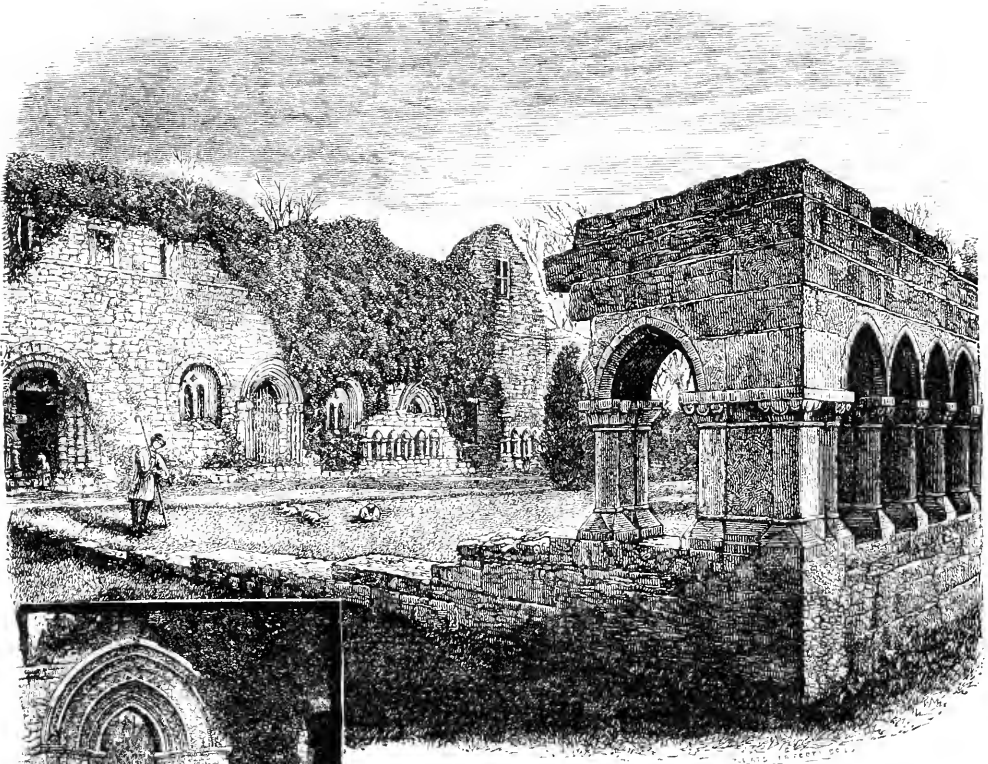
O'CONNELL.

UP to this time it had been a hard thing to cross from Eu-rope to A-mer-i-ca, for it took six weeks to do it, as they had naught but sail-ships. But a new force which we call steam was put in use on the ships and made them go fast. Some met the plan with a laugh when there was talk of it, but they were in the wrong, as you see, for scores on scores of things are now done by steam.

When the ships went by steam they got to cross in a short time. A great throng of I-rish set off for the new land, so wide that there was room for all, and so free that if folks but kept the rule of the land in all things else, they might hold what faith they chose.

George III. had but just been to see Ire-land and the I-rish, and though he said a host of fair words, and wore a bunch of sham-rocks while he staid, he did and said naught that bore on E-man-

ci-pa-tion. Though with O'Con-nell at their head, the Cath-o-lics had done all they could to please him



CONG AB-BEY.

and gain him to grant their rights, he said not a word of them when he had got home. So they found them-selves once more dupes, for hopes had been held out to them that the king

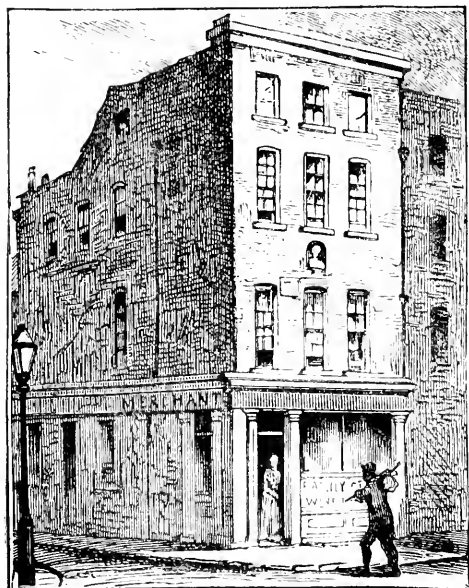
would take some step for their good. At this sad part of Ire-land's sad tale, Grat-tan died, and got a tomb in West-min-ster Ab-bey.

It was now made a law that Ire-land should take on her the debt of En-gland as well as her own, and that En-gland should take on her the I-rish debt as well as her own. This was a hard thing for Ire-land. The En-glish debt at this time was most huge. She had had long wars with the U-nit-ed States and France. But both of these wars were for things that Ire-land did not wish to bring to pass, and so the folks there thought that it was too bad for them to have so huge a debt put on them for what did them no good, if not harm. In some strange way, too, Ire-land's own debt, which had been quite small ere the Un-ion, had grown as fast as the bean-stalk of Jack the Gi-ant Kil-ler, so that now it was a load that kept the I-rish poor with tax on tax. But now when they learnt that the En-glish debt, far more huge than their own, was to be put on them, they lost all hope, for that meant there would be no end to the tax. In the year 1822, the price of the crops fell. The I-rish had but their shorn fields, for the grain had gone to En-gland though at a less price, and herds of sheep and swine, and cows; when the po-ta-to crop was found to be no good, and at once the poor folks

felt the want of food. Wrong as were the acts which some of the I-rish did at this time, we can not feel harsh to them when we think of all they had to bear. They saw their grain, and sheep, and cows, and swine sent off to that strong, proud land from which all their woe had come. There was no want of food there, but they had to starve. So here and there a group of them would get wild with hate, and the thought of their wrongs, and rise up and kill the man on whose land they dwelt, or the man who was in his place.

The first thing that En-gland did in this great woe was to put in force a new In-sur-rec-tion Act. To be sure, the state of the land was as bad as it well could be. Some folks dwelt in a state of siege. The doors were shut and made fast with great bars when night fell, and no one was let in. The Marquis of Wel-les-ley was Vice-roy this year. He dealt with the poor folks in a mild way, and had some of the chief men of the Cath-o-lics to dine with him at the Cas-tle. Soon the Or-ange-men said that he was in league with "O'Connell, the Pope, and the Dev-il." Sir Har-court Lees, a Prot-est-ant par-son, who was out of his head, made out that he had found out plots to slay the Prot-est-ants, till he had got these in such a rage that one night at the play, a row broke out and things

were flung at the Vice-roy as he sat in his box. At length what bore the name of the Cath-o-lic As-so-ci-a-tion was made up with O'Con-nell and Shiel at the head of it. At first, it did not look as if it would come to aught, but as time went on, all the Cath-o-lic peers and chief men were in their ranks.



MOORE'S BIRTH-PLACE.

Still a throng of them did naught but laugh at it, till in the course of the next year, when a plan for each of the folks to pay a cent a month to help it to do what it was made for, did so well that all saw how much the vast mass of the folks in the land thought of it. This sum got the name of Cath-o-lic Rent.

And so all these brave men went on with their great work, and while they did so in Dub-lin, a small band of great men in En-gland lent great aid with their pens to the cause. One of these, Thom-as Moore, was an I-rish-man. He wrote a work by name *The Two Pen-ny Post Bag*, in which he made out that the let-ters in it were not meant to be known save to the friend to whom they

had been sent, but that they had been tak-en out of the post-bag. They were full of all sorts of bright things for the cause. Moore wrote "The I-rish Mel-o-dies," too, which have rank 'mid the fine verse in our tongue. Up to this time, the grand old airs that the bards had drawn from the harps in the halls and homes of the land in the old proud days, when one or two harps stood in each house so that all who came in might play if they knew how, had been of no use, for the words of some were lost, and of those that had words but a few in some parts of the land knew what they meant, for the I-rish tongue had giv-en place to the En-lish.



MOORE.

Moore took these folk-songs of the I-rish, made them in-to smooth, sweet verse, and wed them to the grand old airs, and wrote songs for the airs that had no words, so that now they can be sung by all who speak our tongue. One of them, "The Harp that once through Tar-a's Halls," tells of the time

when the High-king sat at Tar-a, and Ire-land was free and great.

Syd-ney Smith lent his pen to the good work, too. He was a great wit, and said bright things which made folks laugh so that at times they had had to beg him to stop so they might rest. He wrote a book which is known as Pe-ter Plym-ley's Let-ters, in which he makes out they are from a man in town to one of his near kin who lives far out of town. Score on score of bright, wise things were said by him in these sheets, which no doubt did much to bring to pass E-man-ci-pa-tion, and show the folks who had such fear of the pope and pop-ish plots to kill the Prot-est-ants, that they were but geese to have such thoughts.

In the year 1827 there was a great time in Ire-land which was known as the New Ref-or-ma-tion. The Prot-est-ants strove to turn the Cath-o-lics from their faith and get them to take up the new creed. They said the Bi-ble had the true faith, and if the Cath-o-lics would put to one side all that was not found in the Bi-ble, they would do right. They did not say what folks did ere there was a Bi-ble. One lord, to show that he thought there was no need of more books than it, had all that were in his house flung in the lake in his grounds, while he held it in his hands. Tracts were giv-en to the poor

who had naught to eat, and they were told they would have food if they would be of the new creed. But they would not give up their faith.

Round this time the I-rish who had gone to A-mer-i-ca got to send cash to those at home. Large sums came in-to the land in this way.

O'Con-nell at length made a great stroke for the cause. There was strife in Clare as to who the folks there should send to Par-lia-ment. O'Con-nell made up his mind to seek their votes and have them send him to Par-lia-ment just as if he were not a Cath-o-lic. The folks of high rank in Clare thought they had those of low rank 'neath their rule in all things, but they soon found this was not so. The town of En-nis was full when O'Con-nell's green coach drove in there, and green flags shook in the breeze. There was a great time, but O'Con-nell won, and though his foes said that his e-lec-tion was of no use, for no Cath-o-lic could sit in Par-lia-ment, they who had the might there said it was for Par-lia-ment to fix that part of it when he should go up to take the oath, ere he took his place in it.

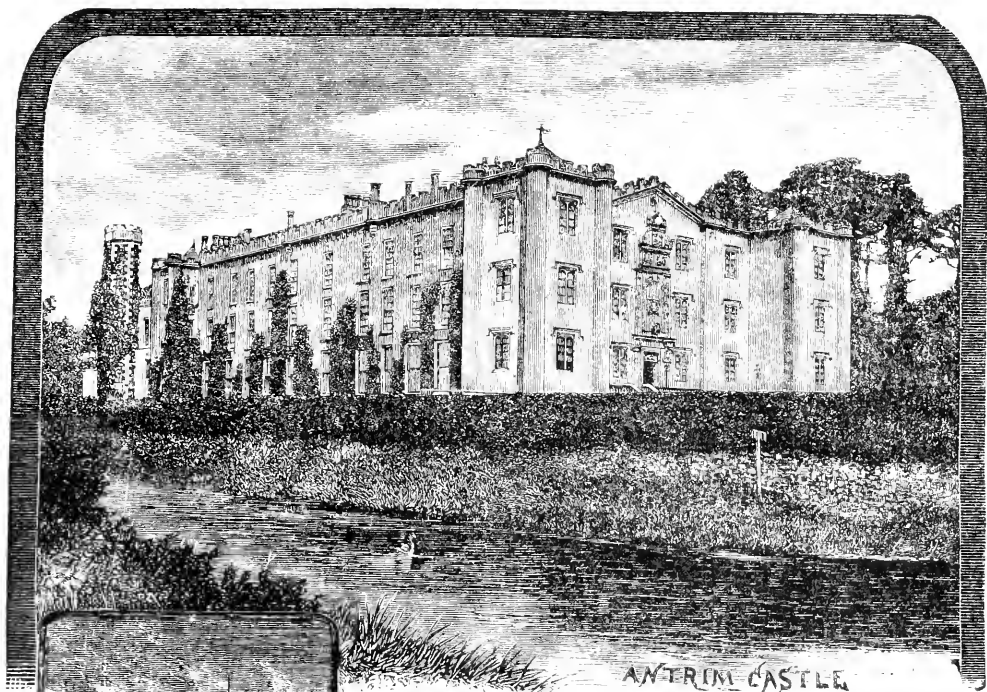
The chief men in En-land saw they could no more keep back their rights from the Cath-o-lics. Sir Rob-ert Peel made up his mind that the king must yield this point. One wild, last storm rose in

En-gland when the Prot-est-ants found it was to be, but that could not keep it back.

When the time came for Par-li-a-ment to sit that year, O'Con-nell came up to Lon-don to claim his place in it. But when he found that the new Par-li-a-ment was sure to pass the E-man-ci-pa-tion Bill, he made up his mind to wait. The Bill did come up and did pass, though the fight was fierce to put it down. It now had but to get the name of the king on it to make it law, and this it got, though it is said that he first broke and trod on one pen that was given him for that end. The Cath-o-lics might now sit in Par-li-a-ment, but no Catholic might be Vice-roy of Ire-land, or Lord Chan-cel-lor.

O'Con-nell now tried to take his seat in the House, but his old foe, Peel, had been too strong for him. The Bill of E-man-ci-pa-tion said that no Cath-o-lic should be sent there till the Bill was law, and O'Con-nell had of course been sent ere this state of things. So while he thought he should have but the new oath to take, to be true to the king and the laws, he found that to get his seat he would have to take the old oaths, one of which was to hold the king as head of the Church, and one that the mass was a bad, vile thing. He said he would not take such oaths, and when they said "Why?" he said that one he did not hold to be

true, and one he thought to be false. So a writ



ANTRIM CASTLE



SHANE'S CASTLE.

was put forth to hold a new election for Clare, and he did not get his seat.

But the work of E-man-ci-pation was but half done, and it would not have been done at all but for fear of war. The same Bill which gave Catholics leave to go to Par-li-a-ment made it a law that all men who held farms or free-holds for which they

had not paid more than for-ty shil-lings, were to have a vote no more. This law left scores of those who would have done much for O'Con-nell with-out votes, and so a great band of them set off to A-mer-i-ca, for they would not stay in their own land when they could not have a vote. At the next Par-lia-ment O'Con-nell was once more sent from Clare to take his place there.

But when Par-lia-ment had thus thrown wide its doors to Cath-o-lics, one thing, more of harm than of good, was done by the act. The place of Judge might now be won by them, too, and so the rich, who had been to fine schools, got so that they no more held the same views as the poor in the land. Up to this time they had felt the hard rule of the foe just as much as those of low rank, though not in the same way ; but now they saw two great roads to rank and fame made free to them. So self love made their love of their land grow weak, and they threw in their lot with En-gland and did her work for her. As a judge a Cath-o-lic of this kind would sit on the bench and let the ju-ry be made up of men who were paid by the En-glish chief men to say what they chose to have said. In plain words, these Cath-o-lics whom the I-rish sent to Par-lia-ment would sell them-selves for cash and rank to the foe of their land. When the next Par-lia-ment

was to meet O'Con-nell stood for Wa-ter-ford in place of Clare. This year the Mar-quis of An-gle-sea was sent to Ire-land as Vice-roy. The trades of Dub-lin made up to have a grand show to show how much they thought of O'Con-nell. The bands were to meet at a spot out-side of Dub-lin, and march from thence through the town to his house. But this show of men, who were to bear no arms, woke fear in Lord An-gle-sea's mind, and he would not let it take place. From this time on strife was kept up by him and O'Con-nell; the last sought to get the folks in a throng, and the first made use of the law to keep them from this. O'Con-nell might and did use hard words to tell what he thought of the Vice-roy, but that did no good, the Vice-roy had the might, and made all the use he could of it.

In the year 1831 the chief men in En-gland built na-tion-al schools in Ire-land. Through this plan the En-glish meant to make the I-rish boys and girls learn to read out of books that would help to make them think and learn more of En-gland than of their own land. Save for this fault these schools were quite good, and were a great boon to the Cath-o-lics of the land, who for a long time had been kept by law from school. But in parts of the land where there were both Prot-est-ant and Cath-o-lic boys and girls, they were not let go to these

schools, as things were taught to the Prot-est-ant boys and girls which were not right for Cath-o-lics to hear. Where they were all Cath-o-lics this was not the case, of course.

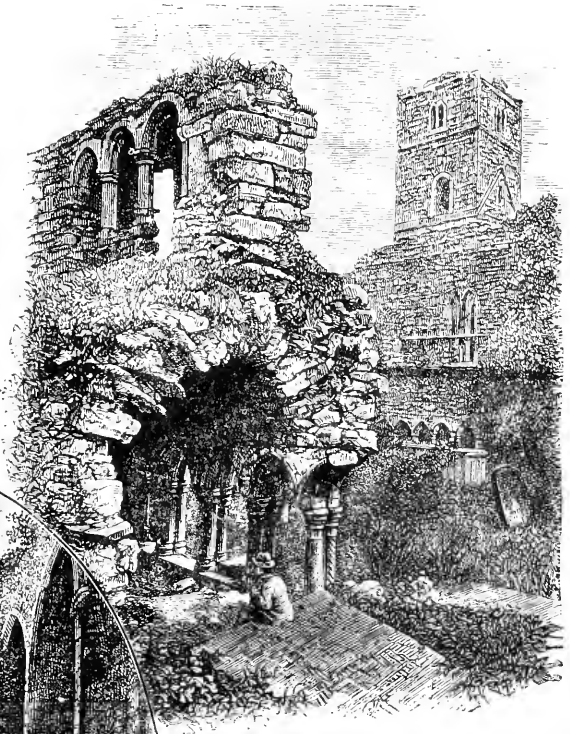
CHAPTER XXXI.

O'CONNELL FAILS TO GET REPEAL.

THE next bad time in Ire-land was brought on by the tithes. These, as you no doubt know, are a tax which the folks pay to keep up the Church. But the I-rish had to pay them to aid a Church for which they had naught but hate. So when the Par-son sought to get his tithes from the Cath-o-lics, they would not pay them, here and there in the land, and so there was a row, and some were slain. This was known as the tithe war, and was at its worst in the south.

The foes of Ire-land, as was their wont, made out that the tithe war was but a part of a Pop-ish plot, so parts of the land had what is known as the Co-er-cion Act put in force. This means that those who had the rule in Ire-land might keep the folks by force from all acts that they thought were not right. If a throng of folks met to hear some man make a speech, the Vice-roy, by this Act, could make them

go home at once,
and they were not
to meet, if they had
not told the Vice-
roy ten days ere
they were to do so.
The Act made more
hard rules, so hard,
in truth, that those



SLI-GO AB-BEY.

who made it said
they had hopes that
the need of it would
be short in the land.
O'Con-nell now
sought with all his
might to bring Re-
peal to pass. But
Par-li-a-ment said no
to the Bill he

brought to this end. At length King Wil-liam died and Vic-to-ri-a came to the throne. In the first three years of her reign, three great laws were made for Ire-land. The first of these was the Poor Law. In the old days of En-gland, ere the time of Hen-ry the Eighth and the new creed, the poor in the land were the care of the monks and nuns in the great ab-beys and con-vents. But when that King swept them out of their homes, and took the gold, with which they had done so much good, for him-self, there were none left to take care of the poor. Poor laws had to be made, and then a poor-house was built in each part of the land. I have told you how the great debt that had been put on Ire-land, and which made tax on tax there, made her poor, so that there was now a throng of poor folks there. The chief men of En-gland made a law to put a poor law in force, and build a poor-house in each part of the land there too. And it was done, and from that time, those who get too poor to keep them-selves, have to go to the poor-house, though they hate it.

The next great law was the Tithe Law. A tithe, as you know, I dare say, is a tenth part of each thing. So the poor I-rish-man had to give each tenth po-ta-to, and each tenth sheaf of grain to keep the rec-tor of a church that he did hold not to be

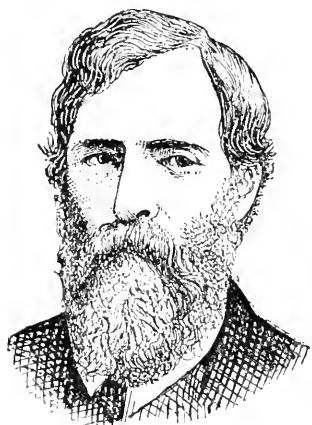
true. But at this time the tithes got the name of the tithe rent charge. By this new law, the landlord has to pay the rec-tor first, and then get what he had paid from those who paid him rent. It was the same thing but with a new name.

The third great law was Re-form in the Rule of Towns. Though the Cath-o-lics had got the right to have a share in the rule of towns, but few of them, so far, had got it. But now the new law gave those who dwelt in each town the right to choose those who should have the rule in it. At once O'Con-nell was made Lord May-or of Dub-lin.

At this time a great and good man, Fath-er Mat-thew, sought to get the folks to take a pledge to touch no drink that could make them drunk. He did more good by this work than we can tell of. Great throngs came to hear when he went to each town to tell of the vile deeds wrought by drink, the sad homes that it makes, and to beg of the folks to pledge their word not to touch it. In ten years more than five mil-lions took this pledge, so that when we think of all the good he did, we must count him in with the best men that have been on the earth.

O'Con-nell now made up his mind to gain Re-peal by this plan. Vast throngs of the folks were to meet and talk of their wish to have it so, and

then trust to the hope that the chief men in England would think it best to grant what the folks had so firm a wish for. The poor I-rish were now



JOHN MITCH-EL.

the worst fed, wore the worst clothes, and dwelt in the worst houses of all the poor in Eu-rope. Yet vast sums of rent were tak-en out of the land and spent where it did them no good, so you may guess that their wish was most deep to have Re-peal. O'Con-nell now went through the land and spoke to the vast throngs who came to meet him. They gave him the

name of Lib-er-a-tor. The folks met in peace, and gave no cause for the Queen's troops, though they came to the scene each time, to use force. Though his voice was most strong, the throng was so vast that a great part could not hear it.

But when the En-glish saw all this, they at once made a law to put an end to it. Threats were put forth that the Co-er-cion Act would be put in force once more, and the Arms Bill, which said that I-rish should not bear arms, was put in force, and a great throng of troops sent to



DAV-IS.

Ire-land. But to shed blood was no part of O'Con-nell's plan. He said that one drop of blood was too great a price to pay for the most choice boon on earth. But a band of young men who sought the



ARI-GAL MOUN-TAIN, DON-E-GAL.

same great thing as O'Con-nell, thought the best way to get it was to fight for it. The chiefs of this host were John Mitch-el, Thom-as Dav-is and Charles Gav-an Duf-fy. Still some thought

that if it were to come to the worst, O'Con-nell would fight. A huge throng met to hear his speech at Tar-a. The hill of Tar-a, once the home of the High Kings of the land, is on the great plain of Meath, not far from the Boyne, and in the midst of rich farm lands. On the day set for the speech, great throngs came from all parts to it. The path of O'Con-nell had arch on arch built on it, and shouts of joy rose from each small town through which his coach drove, to greet him. His next great speech was made at Mul-lagh-mast in Kil-dare. Clad in his red cloak, as one of the chief men of Dub-lin, he took his seat while the vast throng was as still as death. Then a rich cap, made like the crown of Ire-land in her free days, was put on his head, while he who did it said words, the sense of which was, that his wish would have been to have it of gold. Then a great roar of love and praise for him who had done so much for them went up from all the throng.

The great next speech was to be at Clon-tarf, the place where the Danes were beat in the great fight. But late in the day ere it was to be, word was put up on the walls of Dub-lin for the folks not to meet. So they did as they were bid, but in a week O'Con-nell was tried and put in jail for his work, but was let out in three months. But he was now an old

man, and his health was not good. Great woe too came on the land at this time. Blight fell on the po-ta-to crop and this made folk in the land soon feel the want of food. This fierce scourge was felt by the I-rish for two years. This, too, while they saw the En-glish ships sail out of their ports full of grain and beef that should have kept them, but the taste of which they were too poor to know, for they had to raise these things and sell them to make their rent. From far lands help was sent to them, yet in spite of this a vast throng of them died for want of food. At the end of this hard time, great bands left Ire-land for A-mer-i-ca.

In the same year O'Con-nell, old, sick, and with a sore heart, left his land for It-a-ly. All his proud hopes had come to naught; the land that was so dear to him, and the folks to whom he was so dear, were not free. To the last he strove to help the poor who were in want of food. His plan was to go to Rome and see the pope, but when he got as far as Gen-o-a he died. He has a fine tomb at Glas-nev-in, in his own land, but his heart lies at Rome.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SMITH O'BRIEN AND HIS MEN.

LORD CLAR-EN-DON was now made Vice-roy. The crops had once more grown and were good, and a band of men had made up their minds not to let them go out of the land when there was so much need of them. This was a rash thing to try to do, no doubt, but these brave men thought that they



O'BRIEN.

could but die once, and it was as well to do so by shot from the guns of the foe, as to starve. So mobs in Clare met the grain on its way to the sea, and kept it back. At once Par-li-a-ment met in En-gland and a new Co-er-cion Act was put in force. But the I-rish were not put down by fear of this. Their wrongs were too great, and so in all the

towns young men got guns, or, if they could not pay for guns, pikes. The chief men in En-gland took fright and sent a large force to Ire-land. Dub-lin was full of troops, and great guns were put in the Bank of Ire-land, which was once the House of Par-li-a-ment, and the vast and grand Cus-tom House

was the home of the troops. Smith O'Brien was at the head of all this. He was told that he would

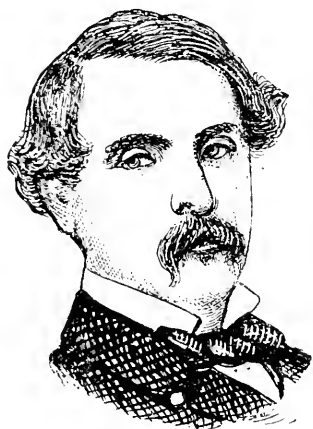


DON-E-GAL CASTLE.

be tried for his work, but he did not care. He went to France to seek aid, and when he came back

he went to En-gland and told the Par-lia-ment that he had told the men of his race to arm and fight for their right to live on their own soil. Fierce yells of hate rose when he said this, but he went on to say that he thought he had done naught but what was right. He and Thom-as Fran-cis Mea-gher were tried, but were let go free.

But the fierce scourge of want of food was felt once more. So the poor, made wild by their woe, rose up. Though they had but one blow to strike they felt that the time had come to strike it. They were brought to this state of mind by Smith O'Bri-en and Rich-ard O'Gor-man, and some more. It was a rash act and came to naught, and O'Bri-en and all the chief men who took part in the work were put in jail and tried and told that they must die, but were not put to death. They met a worse fate, for they were sent to Van Die-man's land for ten years. Most of these men then went to A-mer-i-ca and got to be well known and great in that land.



FRAN-CIS MEA-GHER.

The year 1848 saw too, the Dub-lin Cath-o-lic U-ni-ver-si-ty set up in that town, and a wise En-glish-man, who had once been a Prot-est-ant, but

had gone back to the old faith, went to Dub-lin to be at the head of it.

For the next ten years the folks went out of the land to A-mer-i-ca in great bands. From there they sent back large sums to aid those who were at home.

In the year 1850, the I-rish Ten-ant League was made up. Those who took part in it sought to help those who dwelt on farms. For if the land-lord was a hard man, who had no thought of those who dwelt on his lands, save how to squeeze large sums of rent out of them, these poor men were sure to meet with hard times.



FA-THER MAT-HEW.

So those who made up this new League strove with all their might to get men sent to Par-li-a-ment by the folks, who would speak up, and get a law made to fix things by a just rule, which the land-lord should not break. But a new set of men sprang up too at

this time, who spoke a great deal of their love for the Cath-o-lic Church. This plan made the priests think that they were good, wise men, whose plan it would be well to take up. Such a time did these men make in Par-lia-ment, for the Church, that they got the name there of the Pope's Brass Band. At heart they were not good men at all, and did not mean in the least what they said to gain votes. The head of this band was Mr. John Sad-lier, who had been sent to Par-lia-ment by the folks of Car-low, and Wil-liam Ke-ogh, who went from Ath-lone. The head men of the Ten-ant League were Mr. Lu-cas, John Fran-cis Ma-guire, and Dr. Gray. These three men strove hard to make Prot-est-ants and Cath-o-lics think the same as far as the League went. But the Sad-lier men tried hard to keep them from this, and so well did they play their part, that the most wise and chief men in the Church put their trust in them. But when the time came for the folks to vote in each part of the land for the men they should send to Par-lia-ment, the men of the Ten-ant League got the most votes. But Sad-lier and some of his kin, and Ke-ogh too, got in.

When the new Par-lia-ment sat, Lord Der-by was chief man in En-gland; but was so but for a month, for some deed of his did not gain the votes

he thought it would, and so he had to give up his post to Lord Ab-er-deen. As it was the weight of the I-rish votes which brought this state of things to pass, the friends of Ire-land were full of hope, for now, they thought, here was a fine chance for the I-rish to make up a plan to give their votes to the chief man, who would fix things best for their own land. But though day by day the I-rish rose up full of hope that these men would act well by them, it was dire news that came at last. Sad-lier was not a true Celt. He was of En-glish blood, and had but small love in his heart for Ire-land or her race. He sold his vote to Lord Ab-er-deen, who at once made him Lord of the Treas-ury. Ke-ogh did the same and got a high post too.



T. B. MC MAN-US.

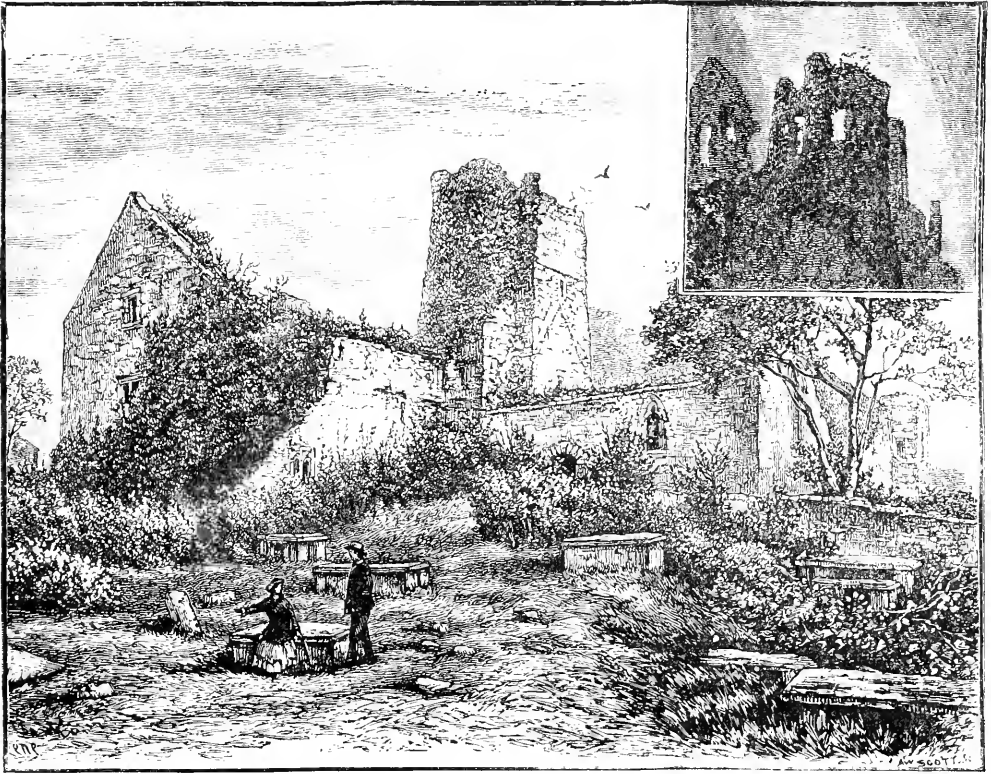
This was a sad blow to the I-rish who had borne so much to send these men to Par-lia-ment. They lost all heart, and for some years did not strive for their rights in the least. Her foes said she was well off and at peace. As for the two men who had done the land this foul wrong, one of them, Ke-ogh, brought death on by drink, and John Sad-lier met a worse fate. He was a bright, smart man,

and he made up grand schemes to make folks rich who would give him cash to work them out. But all the while, though he led a gay, fine life, with no care, he was, in truth, at his wits' ends to know how to get on. You know that it is a great crime for one to sign a name that is not his own to a draft or check, save when he who bears the name gives him leave to do so. John Sad-lier did scores of bad acts such as this. But all his fraud and bad acts could not keep him up. When he found this out he went out-side of Lon-don, to a green spot, where he lay down as if to sleep, but first took a drink of strong, bad stuff that brought death to him at once. The next morn the folks who were the first to pass by the spot found him dead. But hard times came on the land. The Tip-pe-rar-y Bank shut its doors, and all the poor folks who had put their cash in it lost it all, and great bands of them were brought down to dire want.

When, in 1860, great bands of men in It-a-ly strove to put down the Pope, and take the land o'er which he had up to this time kept rule, throngs of the I-rish went to fight for him, and gave large sums to help him. The I-rish fought well and won much praise, as well from the foe as from those who led on their side. When the war came to an end and the Pa-pal Zou-aves [Zwaves] went

home, the land was a scene of joy. At each town bands of the folks came out to greet them, with flags and green boughs.

When the war of the North and South broke



RU-INS NEAR RATH-MUL-LEN, DON-E-GAL.

DUN-LACE CAS-TLE.

out in the U-ni-ted States, brave bands of I-rish fought for the North. Some of these bore the green flag with the gold harp on it, the flag of their own land, with the red, white and blue of the

States. The chief of these bands were Meagher's I-rish Brig-ade and the Cor-cor-an Le-gion. En-gland's hopes were with the South. When the war came to an end some of the I-rish who had fought in it put in their lot with a band that had been made up in the last few years in Ireland, and bore the name of the Fe-ni-ans. With them they made up a plan to free Ire-land, but ere the time that was set to rise their head man was put in jail. But he got out through the craft of his friends, and there was a great time when his foes found that he had done so. But ere his plans were ripe, all the I-rish-men who had fought in the war of the States, and were in Dub-lin, were put in jail. They were kept there but a short time, just to let the plans they had made come to naught.

In a few years, the I-rish in A-mer-i-ca tried once more. They sent a ship which bore the name of "E-rin's Hope" with men and arms to Ire-land. But as soon as she got there, the men she bore were put in jail. When the po-lice sought to take two of these men in Man-ches-ter there was a row, and one of them was slain. Five men were put in jail for the deed, and though it was thought by most folks that no one had meant to kill the man, still three of the five were hung. They died like

brave men, and got the name of the Man-ches-ter Mar-tyrs.

The Pope at this time sent the red hat to Arch-bish-op Cul-len of Dub-lin. This was Ire-land's first Car-di-nal. He was a wise and good man, but he did not like the Fe-ni-ans, nor did he think that their work was good for the land. He did much for the Church and for his land.

The next thing of note was for the En-glish Par-lia-ment to pass a law to make the Prot-est-ant Church in Ire-land no more the State Church. This was a great boon to the I-rish and gave them great joy. There was an end to tithes in all forms, for they had no more to keep a Church for which they had naught but scorn. But no boon could keep the I-rish from thoughts and plans of how to break the Un-ion. A new set of men sprang up whose aim was this, but to which they gave the new name of Home Rule. Mr. Glad-stone, who was now chief man in En-gland, tried at this time, too, to do some-thing for the I-rish, and brought the Land Bill in-to Par-lia-ment.

The soil of Ire-land was in the grasp of a small set of land-lords. They were, for the most part, hard on the men who dwelt on their lands, and none of these tried to do aught to fix up his home or his land, for if he did he at once found a raise in

the rent, which he had to pay, or turn out, for the need of land was so great, that the land-lords could get the price they set. Their foes say that the I-rish hate to work, but I think that they have shown, where they had a fair chance, that this charge is false. Put a man of what race you choose in a place like Ire-land, where the law gives him no right to the fruit of his hard work, and I am sure you will find that he would have done the same. He might sow but he was not let reap. So hard were the laws on him in his own land, that deer stood in the fields, and birds sat on the trees, with no fear of man, for though his wife and boys and girls were to die for want of food, he dare not shoot them. How to make the rent was his sole thought, and in this hard life, the light of hope had no birth in his heart, he but strove to live day by day.

Mr. Glad-stone sought to bring to pass a Re-form in this. The Land Bill was made law, but the land-lords found means to make it of small good. So fierce, bad acts were done by the I-rish in some parts of the land to the land-lords and the crops.

The cry for Home Rule grew loud and strong at this time, and the folks sent a band of men to Par-lia-ment who were strong for Home Rule, and so got the name of Home Rul-ers. For four

years these men strove, led by Mr. Butt, to do some thing for their land, but with small good. At length the man who had been the choice of the folks in Meath died, and one whom they took in his place bore the name, now so well known to the world, of Charles Stew-art Parnell.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PARNELL AND HIS MEN.

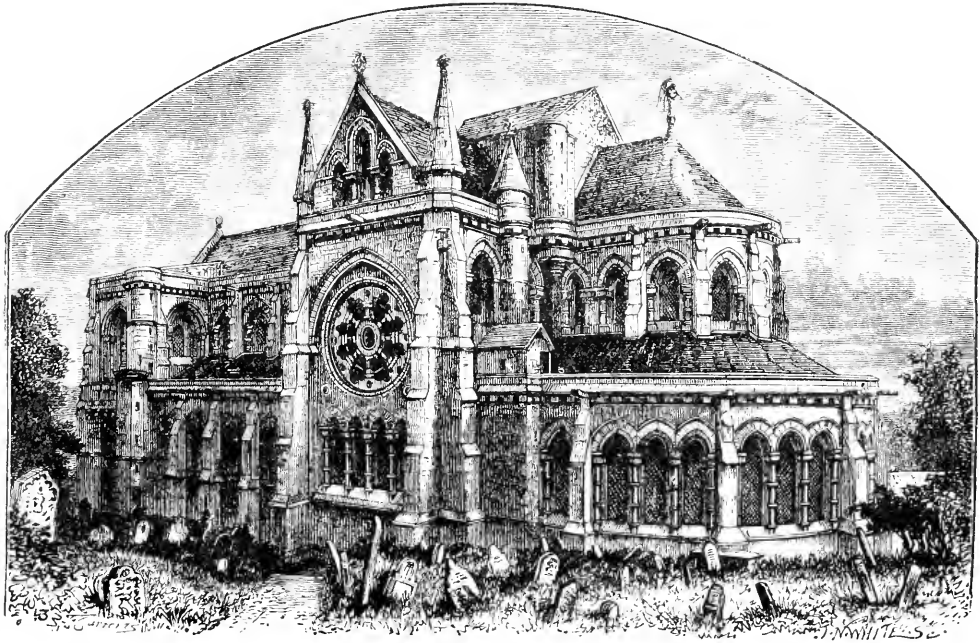
MR. PARNELL sprang from a race which has long been dear to the I-rish, for the men of it stood up for the right and for their own land through all the years when her foes sought most to crush her. He was born at Avon-dale, in England, and brought up in that land. His mother is an A-mer-i-can. He was quite a young man when he was sent to Par-li-a-ment, and was at first still and shy there, but soon made speech on speech, and strove with all his might for Home Rule. He got to be the chief of the small band of Home Rul-ers. They woke rage in England, but shouts of joy went up from the I-rish shore at each good point they made.

But once more on that poor land came the scourge

of want of food. The crops came to no good for two years, and yet the land-lords had to have the rents all the same. The folks woke up to the hard truth that if the next crop were to fail they must die for want of food. Their lives hung on it, and they saw it fail. The black, hard days of want came on them once more. The Home Rule men sought to get Par-li-a-ment, which was soon to break up, to do some thing for the I-rish, but met with naught but a laugh.

Some time ere this a man of the name of Michael Dav-itt had made up a scheme to have no land-lords, and let each man in the land own his farm. Dav-itt's words had much weight, for he knew well the state of things of which he spoke. He was born in a low rank of life, and was the son of a man who, in one of the dread years that brought want of food to the land, was put out of his home by a hard land-lord, and went with his wife and boys and girls to dwell in En-gland. He made his home in a part of that land where the great mills give work to great bands of boys and girls. Dav-itt was soon in the ranks of these, and kept at his work in the mill till one day a great wheel caught his arm and hurt it so that he could make no use of it to do the least thing. But he read a great deal, and kept bright the flame of hate 'gainst those who

had wrought the wrongs of his land, and so when he got to be a man he brought forth this scheme, the fruit of his long thought, and sought to get bright men to take it up, too. He was first to hold the views of the Fe-ni-ans. But in 1870 he was



ST. FIN-BAIS CA-THE-DRAL, CORK.

put in jail on a charge that the Fe-ni-ans had kept him to get arms for them. He was tried and sent to jail for a long term of years. But when he had done most half of this term he was let out, and when he got to Dublin he went in heart and soul to win his land's rights for her, and, as I

have said, thought the Land League was the best means by which to do this.

Up to this time the Home Rule men had had naught to do with the Land League scheme, for they thought the best thing to fight for was the Par-li-a-ment, and when once they had got that it could deal with the needs of those who dwelt on farms, and do the best thing for land-lords and all. But when Par-nell found out that the Par-li-a-ment meant to take no act to save or help the poor, or ward off the black woe that now was most at their doors, he and his men made up their minds to take up Dav-itt's plan. Those who dwelt on farms were in truth in a sad plight. They were deep in debt to the seeds-men, to the banks, and to the men who sell that black stuff which the soil needs to make it rich, so that it may bring forth fine crops. Yet they saw they must get more in debt, or get means in some way to put in the crops for the next year and make out, too, to tide through the days till they should bend ripe in the fields.

So when Par-nell made up his mind to cast his lot in with the Land League scheme, he at once set off for Ire-land to join Dav-itt. In June, at West-port, Par-nell spoke to a vast throng, and said these words, which meant and did so much: "Keep a firm grip of your home-steads."

In a few months the I-rish Na-tion-al Land League was put in force, which no doubt has done more for the land than all the rest of the plans made for her good. But the worst had come on her. The Land League had to turn in-to a Re-lief band. In a few months Par-nell set sail for A-mer-i-ca. He was met with joy. He went from State to State and from town to town to tell the tale of his land, and seek aid to get food for the folks, and to help the Land League. The U-ni-ted States Congress let him make a speech to it on the case of Ire-land. This was a great and rare thing, which since the days of Wash-ing-ton but one man had done.

The want of food was felt most in Ire-land in Con-ne-mar-a. There the young and old died in throngs, yet all the while the land-lords had men to take the folks' few poor clothes, and the things in their homes for rent, and give them word to quit the poor huts that held them. Such acts as these, of course, were the cause of blood-shed. Still the want grew more, and but for the great aid that came from A-mer-i-ca few would have been left with life in the land.

The Duke of Marl-bor-ough was Vice-roy at the time. The Duch-ess, his wife, at length got up a Re-lief band. One was got up, too, by the Lord May-or of Dub-lin, and a third by the Land

League. Of these, the Lord May-or's did the most work, though all gave great aid, still, as it was, death and the plague made a grim score in the land.

In 1880, Mr. Glad-stone got to be the chief man in En-gland once more. Up to this time he had been so good a friend to the I-rish that they heard the news with joy. The state of the land was now as bad as bad could be.

More and more did the men who were now the guides of the folks, tell them that the land-lords should be left with-out their rents ere they should starve. At length the men made a league to pay no more rack-rent, that is, a sum of rent as great as the whole worth of the farm, but just such rent as they could, and keep them-selves from want. This plan their foes tried to crush. They gave word to quit their homes to great bands of men. But when they did this, they found that no one would take the farms, nor work them, nor till them, so that they got to be waste on their hands. Some land-lords gave in, and took in good part the fair rents that were held out to them, but more kept up the feud and got troops to drive out those who dwelt on their lands. But as soon as the troops would have gone on to the next place where there was a call for them, the men would go back to their homes, so that soon the land-lords were at their

wits' ends, and what was worse, some were shot. One land-lord in May-o, Lord Erne, had a man, whose name was Boy-cott, to take care of his lands. Cap-tain Boy-cott was a brave man, and he told those on Lord Erne's land to do their worst, he would do what he thought was right, all the same. He got a strong guard of po-lice to go round with him. But no one would work for him. Those who did the work in his house went off, and those who kept the shops in the town near by, would not sell to him. This was a queer state of things. The crops on the land he took care of were ripe, and must be cut. What does he do? He seeks aid, and a large band of Or-ange-men say they will come from the North, and cut and store his crops. Boy-cott grants what they ask for this and they come. But how? Like a force who come to kill, not in the least like a band of men who come to cut the wide fields of rich, ripe grain that nods in the soft breeze. They are in the midst of rows of troops whose bright arms shine as they form a steel hedge round them, while the loud tramp of their steeds' hoofs tells how strong a guard they are.



JOHN MARTIN.

The Or-ange-men go to work. The men who have been put off their lands give loud hoots of scorn while they cut the grain, but do no more. The troops and those that they had to guard could not buy a crumb of food, and all they ate had to be sent to them from Dub-lin, so that it cost Lord Erne more than the crop was worth to cut and store it. So that when a land-lord or his head man got in such a plight he was said to be Boy-cot-ted.

The Land League had now spread through all the land. Huge sums were sent from A-mer-i-ca to swell its funds, most of which were spent to keep those who had been put out of their homes. It was thought Glad-stone would bring in some Bill to help things. In truth he did bring one to give those who were put out a right to sue for the things they had done to fix up their homes. But the House of Lords would not pass this Bill. Those who had not been for the scheme of no land-lords, ere this, now went in with those of the Land League. Three parts of Ire-land chose Par-nell to send to the next Par-lia-ment. Out of these three he chose Cork. The chief men were all of his mind. Their plan was to stand up for their rights 'gainst the land-lords; to do them no harm, but not to give in one inch to them.

The Chief Sec-re-ta-ry of Ire-land at this time



QUEEN VIC-TO-RI-A.

was Mr. Fors-ter. At first he had been great for the rights of the I-rish, but this war with the land-lords made him turn in-to a foe. In the fall, it got to be known that those who had the rule in En-gland meant to try Par-nell and his chief men at the bar for their work. It was true; the next month they were tried for their late acts, to which their foes gave hard names.

Ere the end of this had come, Par-lia-ment met. The first news that met Par-nell and his friends was that the Co-er-cion Act was to be put in force in Ire-land to break up the Land League, and then there would be talk of Land Re-form.

The Land League men fought the Co-er-cion Act inch by inch but to no use. It was made law and put in force in Ire-land, and then Glad-stone brought in his Land Bill.

This Bill, though it did much for the rights of the I-rish, fell far short of their hopes; but still it would have been met with joy and done much to bring peace to both land-lords and those who held lands from them, if it had not been for the Co-er-cion Act. This made all things seem dark. The Land Bill was made law. The land-lords in their rage made up their minds to drive off their lands all those that they had sent word to quit, ere it had been made law. Fierce scenes of strife and blood took place when they tried to do this.

Mr. Fors-ter now took a stern course, in which he made Mr. Glad-stone back him. By means of the Co-er-cion Act he soon had the jails full. Par-nell and a small band of his chief men were put in Kil-main-ham jail.

At this the state of the land grew from bad to worse. The poor men grew mad with rage 'neath the stern rule of Fors-ter. A net-work of crime spread through the land.

At last Glad-stone got to see that he had done wrong, that the Co-er-cion Act was not wise. Mr. Fors-ter was sent for to go home to En-gland, the jail doors were thrown wide for Par-nell and his men to go free. The Co-er-cion Act was no more in force, and the I-rish were told that a new and mild rule was to take its place.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A DEED OF BLOOD. HARD TIMES ONCE MORE.

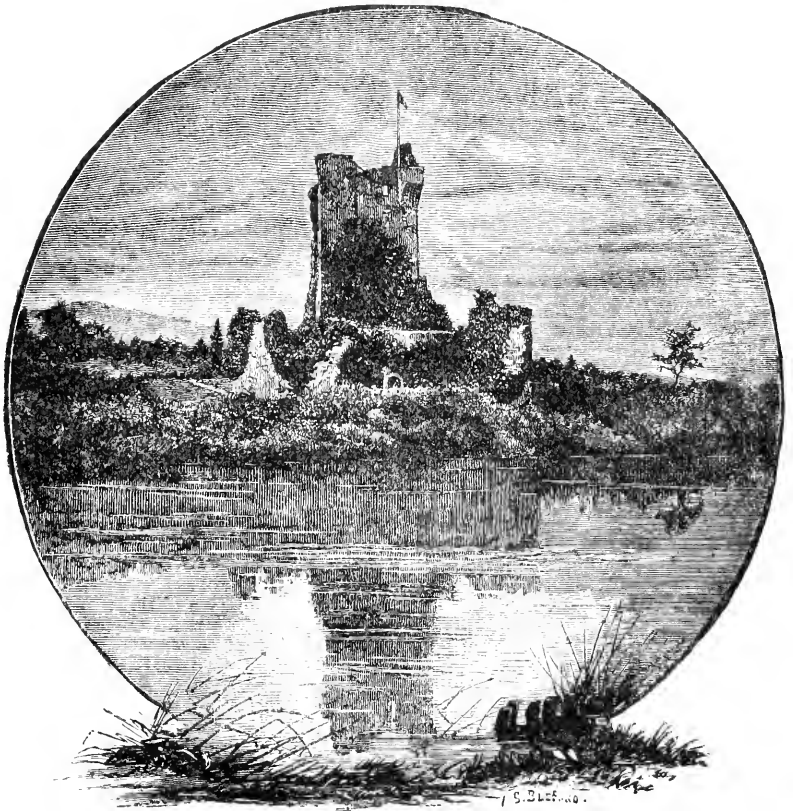
To cap this fine news, word was spread through the land that the Land Act was to be made of more good to the folks, and that the men were to own their farms. The light of hope now shone in Ireland; hearts there grew light at the thought that at last some thing sure was to be done for their woe. But bad men were soon to crush this hope. Lord Fred-er-ick Cav-en-dish, a bright young man, whose scope of thought was wide and who had won much love in his own land, was sent to take Fors-ter's place. One night in May, while he went through Phœ-nix Park, in Dub-lin, with Mr. Burke, who held the post next to him, four men drove up to them on a jaunt-ing car, set on them with knives and slew them. This foul deed took place in view of the home of the Vice-roy, but those who did it got off.

The sad news flew through the land, and deep grief was felt. But none could tell why it had been done. Some said that Lord Cav-en-dish had been tak-en for Burke, as he had been but one day in Ire-land when he was slain. Burke had been with Fors-ter, and so had drawn the hate of the I-rish on him.

But the truth was soon found out. The vile deed was the work of the In-vin-ci-bles. These were a band who had made up to seek the rights of the folks by force. But one of them, Ca-rey by name,

had the hope held out to him that his life would be left him if he told all that he knew of the crime. He had been one of the worst of those in his search and plans of how to do the deed, yet

now his word brought the doom of death on the rest of the band. A year and a few days had gone by since the deed was done, when the first of these



ROSS CAS-TLE, KIL-LAR-NEY.

rash, wild men who had done naught save bring fresh woe on the land, was hung. Four more were soon hung too, and three more were put in jail for life.

What was now to be done with Ca-rey? Ireland he dare not, nor, in truth, could not live in, for none there would touch his hand or his coin, or have aught to do with him.

So the chief men put him on board the *Kinnfaun's Castle*, a ship bound for Cape Town, which was thought to be a safe place for him, as there were but few I-rish there. But this plan came to naught. The ship which took him out took a man whose name was O'Don-nell. The ship made her port. Ca-rey was quite near his new home, when O'Don-nell shot and slew him. He was brought back to En-gland, tried there and hung.

The I-rish, both at home and in A-mer-i-ca, felt naught but grief at the deed of blood done by the In-vin-ci-bles, which had dealt death to one who came to bring peace. A few days since a statue of Lord Fred-er-ick Cav-en-dish was set in view in the Town Hall Square, at Bar-row-in-Fur-ness. A vast throng stood to see the veil that had shut it from sight up to that time tak-en off.

His death brought dark days once more to Ireland. The Co-er-cion law was once more put in

force, and this time that law was made more stern than the ones that had been in force up to that time. The death of Miss Fan-ny Par-nell, which took place in the same year, was the cause of much grief to the I-rish folks as well as to her own kin. She had done much for them, with word and pen, and when the head men of the Land League were put in jail, Miss An-na Par-nell and she strove to keep up the war for Ire-land's rights by means of a La-dies' Land League. The next thing of note that took place in Ire-land was the great fair which was held in Dub-lin in the same year. Its doors were thrown open in Au-gust. All the funds for the cost of it had been sent by the poor folks, and those who were not of high rank. It was their work, and they sought and took no aid from those of great rank. All the things that can be made in Ire-land were shown in the stalls, and it was a glad sight for those who love that land and long to see her race grow rich and great in peace. But vast throngs came to Dub-lin on the first day of the fair for more than to see it. They came to see the veil tak-en off the great stat-ue of O'Con-nell, which was wrought by an I-rish-man, whose name is Fo-ley. It stands on the best street in Dub-lin, Sack-ville street, near a bridge, which had been made wide and fine and given the name

of O'Con-nell Bridge. This bridge led from the north to the south part of the town, and up to this time had borne the name of Car-lisle Bridge. When the time came, and Mr. Daw-son, the Lord May-or of Dub-lin, took off the veil and the form of the grand old man was seen high up in the air, a great long shout of joy went up from the throats of the vast throng. Though he did not do all that he tried to do, he still did great things for them, so that the I-rish race will love O'Con-nell for all time to come.

Great bands of folks went to see the fair, all the time while it was kept up. From all that was shown there, there is ground to hope that when the land shall have got back her own Par-lia-ment, the hum of work shall be heard in all parts of the land, and the wheel and the loom no more stand still.

If you leave Ho-ly-head, En-gland, to go to Ire-land, you must put your watch back most half an hour to make it get right with the time in Ire-land. In front of Trin-i-ty Col-lege, Dub-lin, you will see the forms in stone of Burke and Gold-smith, and on the green, in front of the House of Par-lia-ment, where his voice rang out for the rights of his land, stands Grat-tan with his hand flung in air. Smith O'Bri-en's form in stone, and Tom Moore's, too, have a place near the Lif-fey, the stream which flows through the town.

King Wil-liam the Third has a place, too, in on the green in front of the Col-lege. Wil-liam was, as you know, the Prince of Or-ange, who won the great fight at the Boyne. When he came to the throne, James fled to France to die there, a king with-out a crown, and those whose hearts still felt love for him and his son got the name of Ja-cob-ites. Well, the Col-lege held each year a band of Ja-cob-ite young men, who were sure to play some wild pranks on the poor King. Some-times the gray of the morn would show the lead King on his lead horse made in-to a strange sight with hay, and with a man of straw limp on his back. So things went on till at last one night in the year 1836 a strange light was seen near where he sat on his lead horse, and soon a loud sound was heard and the king flew high in air and then fell back on the ground. But he was not hurt much by this last Ja-cob-ite freak, and skill was brought to bear on his wounds that soon made him fine as he was ere his fall. Swift has no stat-ue in Dub-lin, but some have said that he needs none, for that the whole town is his mon-u-ment. But you may see his tomb if you go to the Prot-est-ant Ca-the-dral of St. Pat-rick.

Christ Church is the Cath-o-lic Ca-the-dral. Here the great St. Law-rence O'Toole said mass in the days that are now so far in the past,

and here Lam-bert Sim-nel had the crown put on his head.

Dub-lin is not a true I-rish town. Through all the tale of Ire-land we find it the strong-hold of the foe. Dub-lin means dark stream, and in the old days was but the black stream that came from bog and turf, which the great road from Tar-a, then the home of kings, went past by means of a bridge of twigs. A few huts made up the town. Then the Danes made their home there, and when the day of their might had gone by, the first band of English who came down on the land. So you see the I-rish race have had but small part in it. Dub-lin does not take up near so much ground as London or New York, and you will not have to take a long walk to get from the heart of the town to out-side of it, where no smoke makes the pure air thick, to the green, green fields that have got the land the name of the Em-er-ald Isle. If it be the fall of the year, the hills will glow with the bright hues of furze and heath. If you climb to the top of one of them, and watch the sea gulls float 'neath you in the air, or sweep down with their small cry to touch the waves of the sea that you sit in sight of, I am sure you will think with those that have been there, that Ire-land is a fair land.

If you take horse-car or train, you can get in a

short time to the sea-shore at Clon-tarf where King Bri-an, in his white old age, rode with his sword with its gold hilt in his right hand, and a cross in his left, and spoke brave words to his men to urge them to meet the Danes.

On the skirts of Dub-lin lies a small place that bears the name of Don-ny-brook. Here, in the month of June, the great Don-ny-brook Fair was held in times gone by, but no such sight as that must have been, can be seen now.

A short time since, En-gland met with a sad loss in the death of Gen-er-al Gor-don, who was slain in Khar-toum, and I will tell you how this came to pass. If you look on your map of Af-ri-ca, right 'neath the Great Des-ert, you will see the land of the Sou-dan [Soo-dan]. This name means the Land of the Blacks. To get to it you would have to go to E-gypt, to the mouth of the Nile, and take a boat of strange form with great sails, such as we have none of here, and in this, sail up that great stream, which, in old days, those who dwelt on its shores held to be a God. And why, you ask? Well, they had not heard of the one true God, and their land, save for the Nile, would have been a waste of sand, for no rain falls there. But each June the Nile is seen to get high, and keeps on till by the fall it sweeps o'er the whole Vale of the Nile.

Then it is seen to grow less, and its good work done, goes back to its bed. All through the rest of the land, you would find no creeks, or springs, or streams, naught save a deep well here and there. The Vale of the Nile is at no point more than three miles in width, and thanks to that stream, sweeps down to a wide green plain, with a vast desert in the rear. As you sail up the Nile, you will see rows of palm trees fringe the shore, and small Arab towns with quaint houses for pigeons, in each of which stands a mosque [church], with a high point on it from which the folks are told when it is time to pray. Of course they all think that Ma-hom-et is the true God. At sun-rise and at sun-set, you will see long files of young girls clad in loose blue robes, come down to the Nile's brim, and fill their jars which they then place on their heads, and stride off with a proud gait. Each one wears a veil which screens her face from view. At last, when you come to a spot of the name of Wad-y Hal-fa, you will leave your boat and get on a camel, the "ship of the desert," and go in that way till you come to a town of the name of Ber-ber, and then you will take to the Nile once more in a small steam-boat and go on till you reach the point where the Blue Nile comes from the great hills of A-bys-sin-i-a to merge its pure, clear stream with the

White Nile, by which you have come. Just a short span up from this place where the two streams meet, on the Blue Nile, lies Khar-toum, the capital of the Sou-dan.

You have, no doubt, heard folks speak of El Mah-di or the False Proph-et. . He seeks to play a part like Ma-ho-met and build up a great kingdom. So for some years he dwelt, far from men, in a cave, and did naught but pray, and hear the word of God, which he said was brought to him from on high.' It is now four years since he first put up his flag, and though he at first met with not much else but loss, he kept up his men's faith in him. The fierce free tribes who dwell in the desert and fight with swords and spears, made up the bulk of his force, and in truth the En-GLISH troops found them fierce foes. Gor-don held Khar-toum a long time, and had a strong hope that help would get to him in time to save him. But the Mah-di had made up his mind to strive with all his might to drive out the En-GLISH. En-GLAND sent a large force to help Gor-don, but they lost time by the chief men in En-GLAND try-ing to get them through the desert in-stead of by the Nile route to Khar-toum. To leave the Nile would have been to have the troops die of thirst. The air in the Sou-dan is not good, and throngs died as it was. So the foe

took Khar-toum ere the troops got there, and Gordon was slain. He was read-ing his Bi-ble, it is said, when the death blow was dealt to him. He was a good man, who had done well all his life, and deep grief was felt at his death. It is now said that El Mah-di is dead. If he is, Khar-toum may be got back by the En-glish.

For a while of late it was thought that En-gland and Rus-sia would go to war, too. I dare say you know that there is a land in A-si-a that bears the name of Af-ghan-is-tan. It is just north of In-di-a, that rich land that En-gland owns. The A-meer of Af-ghan-is-tan is now the friend of En-gland, and so his troops have gone up from their own land, near to a place that bears the name of the Zul-fi-car Pass, where the Rus-sian troops have tak-en their place.

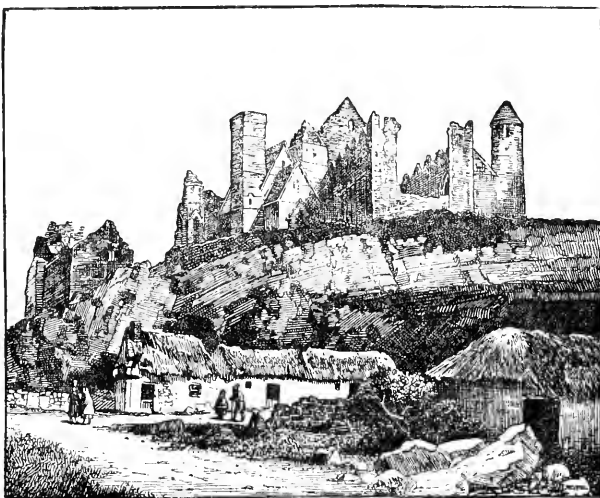
Mr. Glad-stone has had to give up his post as chief man in En-gland and Lord Sal-is-bur-y has his place. He has tried to get Rus-sia to move back her troops from this place, and Rus-sia says she will do so if the A-meer will pass his word not to put his troops in the spots they give up. Time will tell how it will all turn out. No doubt the Czar would like to get a short road to In-di-a, but no doubt, too, En-gland will fight to the last drop of blood ere she let him do so.

While all this goes on, in En-gland, Par-nell still works on for Ire-land. He does so in the best way he can, and that is all that the best of men can do. Lord Car-nar-von has been sent as Vice-roy to Ire-land, and it is thought that his plan is to win the good will of all the folks there by a mild, kind sway. The Prince and Prin-cess of Wales have just been

on a tour there.

Lord Sal-is-bur-y has brought a Bill in-to Par-lia-ment which he calls the I-rish Land Pur-chase Bill. It has been read twice and if it is made law it will be a great boon to the I-rish race, for this Bill says that the

Gov-ern-ment will lend the cash on most fair terms to the men who live on farms to buy them. It is thought that the whole sum will not be sought for by most; that they will have some them-selves and will not need a great deal to make the sum they need. But where they do need it, it will be given. If this Bill is



ROCK OF CASH-EL.

made law and Home Rule is got by the I-rish, there is no fear but that the land will get to be as great and rich as her twin isle. Where huts now form an eye-sore, fair, clean, well-built homes will then stand, and the wail of those who die for want of food shall be heard no more. The rags that clothe the folks now in some parts of the land shall give place to warm clothes. When in half a score or a score of years some one shall take up the tale of Ire-land that I here bring to a close, I trust that naught shall be found to tell of save bright, proud days of peace, in which great deeds have been wrought by her sons.

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